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John S. Sloan

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The American Scholar

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The American Scholar

PHI BETA KAPPA, the college honor society founded in 1776 at the College of William and Mary in Virginia and now having chapters in one hundred and twenty-six American colleges and a living membership of over 63,000, publishes THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR not only for members of ΦBK but for all who have general intellectual interests.

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The promotion in America of liberal scholarship.

A medium for scholars and all persons who are interested in intellectual pursuits, higher learning, and the cultural development of America.

A synthesis of the arts and sciences essential to liberal education and a guiding philosophy of life.

An *esprit de corps* among the educated.

The scholar's responsibility for major social tendencies.

A whole diet for the whole mind.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

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Thomas Jefferson as a Classical Scholar

GILBERT CHINARD
Professor of French Literature, Johns Hopkins University

AMONG the Greek letter societies the Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest and, in some respects, the most old-fashioned. Since its foundation in 1776, it has become the tradition of the Society to place learning above riches, intellectual achievements above material success. To be received in it does not confer a certificate of genius, but at least its diploma stands for work well done. It expresses a certain belief in the value of disinterested knowledge, and such an organization, holding up to new generations the ideals of the past, is greatly needed in our modern society.

We are living in a country whose global riches are unprecedented; Solomon in all his glory was surrounded with less luxury than many American magnates. The average standard of living is higher here than it has ever been elsewhere on the surface of the earth; the application of science has extended the longevity of the inhabitants by several decades; machines and gadgets serve every need of man and soon will prevent all violent effort—never before in the history of the world has such a tremendous energy been expended to procure comfort and make physical labor less painful and more productive. We are truly a people who may, without undue optimism, look forward to the time when, improving upon the old formula, your days will be divided into four hours of work, eight hours of sleep, and twelve hours of play. Yet, in a country which, ever since it became conscious of its unity, has so strenuously engaged in the pursuit of happiness, the sum total of happiness has not increased in proportion to the progress of material comfort and national prosperity.

The time is past when it was possible to attribute to its youth the obvious faults of American civilization. Such an excuse was never very convincing since the Pilgrims carried with them the traditions of the Old World; and in our day it is generally admitted that after an uninterrupted development of a century and a half, America has

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come of age. If it were permissible here to steal a leaf from the book of a famous compatriot of mine, quoting Rabelais I would say that like his giant Pantagruel, America has broken the fastenings which held her in her cradle and is now ready to sally forth into the world, to engage upon a career of her own.

Even the gloomiest prophets must acknowledge that the future of her material and scientific achievements is great beyond the possibility of human imagination—but what of her moral future? It appears that at the present time a certain number of literati are greatly disturbed by what is called "machinism" in America, and "Americanism" in Europe. Living in a mechanical age, with psychologists taking apart the wheels and cogs of our intellect, experts measuring the intensity of the electric impulse which goes through our nervous system when we think, and statisticians able to forecast that a certain percentage of us will marry and divorce, or will have pneumonia and die within a certain lapse of time, it seems that, like the *peau de chagrin* in the famous novel of Balzac, the domain over which we exercise our free will is growing smaller and smaller. Man is no longer the captain of his soul and the master of his destiny—he seems to be entirely governed by the iron rule of economic and physical laws; and the obvious danger is that, considering himself as a hardly superior animal, he will live in the present and for the present, for himself and the satisfaction of his instincts, and will follow what an old French writer has called "*la bonne loi naturelle.*"

Alarmed at what they consider the impending breakdown of our civilization, a small but very fervid group of intellectuals has undertaken to improvise a sheet anchor to keep the ship from drifting and foundering, although the danger to which they call attention is not new and the sea on which we are tossed was charted long ago. The problems confronting America at the present time are similar to those that confronted Western civilization (of which America is a part) at the end of the eighteenth century. After the discovery of the telescope and the microscope forced man to reëvaluate his relative position in the general scheme of the universe, the antinomy which seemed to exist between science and religion, scientific theories and traditional morals, perplexed the European thinkers. And this was the very problem over which pondered the Virginia youth who enrolled at William and Mary in the spring of 1760. Indeed, were this

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not written by an old-fashioned professor with old-fashioned tastes, it might have been called "Thomas Jefferson as a Humanist," and I probably would have yielded to the temptation were I not convinced that, great as was his reverence for the classics, Jefferson would have refused enrolment in the camp of the new humanists. Still it may not be out of place to indicate briefly the solution proposed by one of the clearest and most straightforward thinkers produced by this country for the problems confronting us, as they confronted him a century and a half ago; and, in so doing, to indicate the part played by the old-fashioned humanities in the development of this character.

An offspring of Western civilization—a branch still attached to the main tree—American civilization, in the early days more distinctly than now, perhaps, represents the combination of three separate ideals: a certain Anglo-Saxon ideal of self-government; an ideal of morals and justice which originated in Palestine and spread throughout the Western World; and a certain faith, representing the contribution of Greece and, even more, of Rome, in the power of reason and in man as an end. The Anglo-Saxon and the Biblical contributions need not be elaborated upon, but the influence of the older civilizations of the ancient world is too often disregarded.

In our day of public libraries, circulating libraries, book of the month clubs, and literary mass production, we can hardly realize the power exerted by the classics at a time and in a land where only a few books were available. In those days a young man did not take a course in intensive reading but he had time for the slow assimilation of the best books, for meditation and reflection. We, on the contrary, are willy nilly stuffed with unwelcome and unpalatable information and facts; indeed, according to an advertisement which I recently clipped from a newspaper: "Every minute, every hour of the day, the world's greatest artists are saturating the very air you breathe, the atmosphere around and through your home, with musical entertainments, information, amusement, and educational features." No such intrusion upon the mind's privacy, and no such "saturation" were to be feared by the banks of the Rivanna when Thomas Jefferson was introduced through Homer to the beauties of the ancient world. Reading the old poet, in a canoe which he had built himself, the boy dreamed of ancient navigators who sailed the wine-colored sea from

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island to island, of fierce battles, of feasts of warriors, and magic vistas of the Greece of old were opened to him. Or, stretched out in the shade of the great oak tree which he and his friend Page loved so much, he read Virgil, Horace, and Catullus. Strange to say it was not an entirely new world, for between these ancient Greeks and Romans and the early Americans existed more than one resemblance. From the coast of Maine to Georgia the shore of the Atlantic was settled with colonies bearing somewhat the same relation to their mother country as did the Greek colonies to their metropolis, and Stanyan was in a way, and in anticipation, a sort of epitome of American chronicles.

The American settlements like the ancient civilizations were largely agricultural; and this was particularly true of Virginia. There was so little difference between the method used by the farmers to make a cart-wheel and the description of the same process in Homer that, as Jefferson himself pointed out, one might almost believe the American agriculturists had borrowed their knowledge from the Greek poet. A Virginia plantation presented a striking resemblance to the estate of a well-to-do Roman farmer, and, after Horace, Jefferson repeated: "Happy the man who, free from business worries, like the men of the old days, tills with his oxen his ancestral fields without being harassed by mortgages," *solutus omni foenore!* And again, "What a joy to see the sheep hurrying back to the farm after pasturing, to see the tired oxen dragging along the upturned ploughshare, and the young slaves, industrious swarm of an opulent house, gathered around the resplendent fireplace!"

This bucolic strain permeated Jefferson's life. Whenever his political duties keep him long from Monticello, be he detained in Philadelphia, Paris, or Washington, his private letters echo the longing of the Latin poet: "*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*" In the midst of political strife he yearned for his ancestral acres, the sweet coolness of the woods, and the swift running streams of the country of his boyhood. *In angello cum libello*, "to live in a nook of the woods, with a choice book"—if I may venture this homely translation—such was the ideal life and such were the limits of his ambition during adolescence. Proud as he was of his Anglo-Saxon ancestry, the Mediterranean world nevertheless exerted on him a strange fascination. Once during his trip to Italy, traveling a-foot from Louana to Alberga and from village to village along the coast, marveling at the incredible

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azure of the sea, he almost forgot his dear Monticello and exclaimed, "If any person wished to retire from his acquaintance, to live absolutely unknown and yet in the midst of physical enjoyments, it should be in some of the little villages of this coast, where air, water, and earth concur to offer what each has most precious!"

This constant commerce with the Ancients is largely responsible for that felicity of expression which made Jefferson famous even among his contemporaries and caused him to be designated to frame the Declaration of Independence. In certain respects he was an original thinker, but in matters politic the method of expression is far more important than the idea itself—for ideas are common property, at the disposal of all comers; the real discoverer is he who coins the felicitous formula enabling it to fly on the lips of men. Clear-cut definitions, political aphorisms, and striking formulas abound in the letters of Jefferson. Passed around and repeated by his friends they contributed more rapidly and permanently than long treatises, political disquisitions, or eloquent, harmonious, and easily forgotten speeches to the diffusion of the Jeffersonian doctrine. Once for all he gave expression to the aspirations, the wishes, and ideals of his country. More than any other man in your national history he was the *vox populi*, and to such a degree, indeed, that even his opponents, when they wish to appeal to the fundamental principles which constitute true Americanism, must use not only his language but his very words. Such a quality cannot be entirely acquired—it can be strengthened and developed, however, by education; and the classical education which Jefferson gave himself largely accounts for it. Here an observation should be made. Jefferson was not blind in his admiration for the Ancients, hesitating to depart from conventional and traditional worship of everything Greek or Latin—on the contrary, he preserved a singular independence of judgment. At a time when Southern oratory was flourishing and American oratory in general was taking as a model the worst there is in Cicero he boldly declared: "The models for that oratory which is to produce the greatest effect by securing the attention of hearers and readers, are to be found in Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, and most assuredly not in Cicero." This statement explains Jefferson's abhorrence of rhetorical effects. His speech, in which metaphors and similes are rarely found, has the trim, stripped beauty of a Greek athlete, and for this reason perhaps

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is not always appreciated as it should be. Above all he was fond of the *imperatoria brevitas* of the Latin language which even monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon cannot emulate. He used Latin when writing in one of his memorandum books those maxims by which he intended to regulate his life: *bonum est quod honestum—ex recto decus—non votum nobis sed patriæ—fiat justitia ruat coelum.*

The study of Latin has declined nowadays to such a degree that a Latin quotation is apt to bring an indulgent smile to the lips of the hearers. I can hardly conceive of an undergraduate, even a newly elected member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, entering Latin quotations in his diary; yet less than a hundred and fifty years ago these old precepts formed the very substance of the moral life of the men, in Europe as well as in America, who played such important rôles in the destinies of their countries.

In our estimate of American civilization we are apt to over-emphasize the influence of Puritanism. The fact that some of the men of the Revolution had a moral fiber stronger, as it seems, than ours, and possessed perhaps superior but sterner virtues than more recent generations may be attributed to the Puritanical "climate" in which they lived; but for many of them, and particularly Jefferson, to the influence of the Bible was added the influence of the classics, for in spite of the apparent supremacy of Puritanism the insidious campaign of the Deists had reached the New World, undermining the faith and respect for the authority of its traditions. Even more than we, the men of the close of the eighteenth century put confidence in science and the power of reason. The mechanistic explanations of the universe were just as generally accepted then as they are now although they rested on foundations that seem to us unscientific. Early in life Jefferson had reflected upon the riddle of the universe and soon after his introduction, by Governor Fauquier, to the works of Bolingbroke he ceased to consider the Bible as containing an authentic account of creation and the word of God. In reading Cicero he had come to the conclusion that "if either the heart, or the blood, or the brain, is the soul, then certainly the soul, being corporeal, must perish with the rest of the body; if it is air, it will perhaps be dissolved; if it is fire, it will be extinguished."

At this point of his moral development, he appears to have been overwhelmed with despair. More than once in his anguish Jefferson,

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like Orestes in the beginning of Euripides' play, called for the "sovereign oblivion of suffering, supreme wisdom yearned for by the unhappy." He took a sort of bitter pleasure—a *delectatio morosa* not so different from the attitude of our new humanists—in recording in his *Commonplace Book* the most pessimistic utterances of the ancient poets, entering among others the sad conclusion from Anacreon:

> A scanty dust to feed the wind
> Is all the trace 't will leave behind.

At that time he could have put the query of his old friend, John Adams: "Watchman, what of the night? Is darkness that may be felt to prevail over the whole world? Or can you perceive any rays of returning dawn?" The props of traditional faith once removed, his moral structure had collapsed, and the young man was left apparently without a beacon to direct his course. He might have become a cynic or a voluptuary; indeed there are indications in the *Commonplace Book* that he nearly succumbed to the temptation. After Horace he repeated: "Since all earthly beings have received only perishable lives and neither the great nor the poor can escape death, so my dear friend, enjoy all the good things in life, and while you live remember how short life is." But this was just a passing mood—his aristocratic pride and the stern teachings of the Stoics saved him. He was conscious that he was of good stock and he had read in Euripides: "To be of the noble born gives a peculiar distinction clearly marked among men, and the noble name increases in lustre in those who are worthy."

Ever to be upright and worthy of one's good blood was the simplest, the most obvious, the most imperious duty—yet some coherent system, some working hypothesis must be found to justify one's existence. To dismiss from the mind all preoccupation regarding future life, to attain the ataraxia of the ancient sages, was at best an opiate, not a remedy; and to rebuild a whole theory of life on enlightened self-interest, as had been proposed by several philosophers, seemed to him unsatisfactory. Equally unsatisfactory were the theories which "placed the foundation of morality in truth, the To Kalon, etc., as fanciful writers have imagined." Taking his cue from Bolingbroke, he consequently undertook to construct a system from the writings of the "ancient heathen moralists, of Tully and Seneca, of Epictetus and others," which would be "more full, more coherent, and more

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clearly deduced from unquestionable principles of knowledge." Are not the "new humanists" turning to Aristotle, Confucius, and Buddha in a similar endeavor?

Whatever system might be adopted, it was evident that a man could never justify his existence, even in his own eyes, unless he lived for others as much as for himself, and thought beyond the narrow span allotted to him. After Cicero he repeated: "Death which threatens us daily from a thousand accidents, and which, by reason of the shortness of life, can never be far off does not deter a wise man from making such provision for his country and his family as he hopes may last forever, and from regarding posterity, of which he can never have any real perception, as belonging to himself." To devote oneself to some great task, to associate in some worthy undertaking, to survive in one's deeds—this is the most consoling substitute for the old faith in personal immortality. As Euripides said: "Nay for myself while living day by day, even if my lot were humble, it would be quite enough; but as for a tomb I should wish mine to be one that men honor when they see it; long enduring is that satisfaction." And Jefferson, had he not chosen to inscribe on his monument the simple enumeration of his three great contributions to the moral progress of his country, could have found no more fitting epitaph.

It was at this period of his development that the young man, with little practical experience, culled from Homer and Euripides the maxims by which he was to govern his life. In the moral works of Cicero and in the old writers who had crystallized the experiences of countless generations he found precious bits of worldly wisdom. And after all, in spite of the hypotheses of our modern psychologists, knowledge of the human heart has advanced very little; the basic facts regulating the relations between human beings living side by side in a given society have not changed much since the days of Homer. "Man," wrote Jefferson, "was destined for society. His morality, therefore, was to be formed on this object. He was endowed with a sense of right and wrong merely relative to this. This sense is as much part of his nature as the sense of hearing, seeing, feeling; it is the true foundation of morality."

Thus bit by bit, stone by stone, Thomas Jefferson in his student days reërected the moral structure which had been torn down by the philosophical storm of the eighteenth century; thus he determined to

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live "as if posterity belonged to him," and to work for the future without much hope of any immediate and personal reward, for he had learned that "the race of men is ungrateful," and "most cities are so constituted that a man who is noble and zealous wins no higher prize than baser men." This knowledge of the past preserved him from the blind optimism of so many reformers—for whatever a person may aim to accomplish, he must realize that mankind does not advance by leaps and bounds, but "in a snail-gaited progress." Slow as this progress had been it was, however, real; and Jefferson was the first to acknowledge that the courageous, stoic, and disenchanted philosophy upon which he relied for a time had its limitations. Cicero had admitted that there is by nature something soft and tender in our souls—*est natura in animis tenerum quiddam atque molle*—and Seneca had coined the beautiful expression *caritas generis humani* to define the solidarity existing between all men, irrespective of creed or race; but later in life Jefferson realized that "in developing our duties to others [the ancient philosophers] were short and defective. They embraced indeed the circles of kindred and friends and inculcated patriotism or the love of our country in the aggregate, as a primary obligation; towards our neighbors and countrymen they taught justice but scarcely viewed them as within the circle of benevolence. Still less have they inculcated peace, charity, and love of our fellow men, or embraced with benevolence the whole family of mankind."

This humanitarian mood would probably draw the fire of the humanists, and Professor Babbitt on this occasion might reiterate the accusations launched against Jefferson in his volume entitled *Leadership and Democracy*, but, old-fashioned, sentimental professor that I am, I confess that I would rather agree with Cicero and Jefferson than with my stern colleague from granite-clad New England, and with them hold that *non silice nati sumus*—we are not the offspring of flint.

In still another respect Jefferson would disagree with the new humanists. He saw no antinomy in his creed combining the teachings of the pagan philosophers with the morals of Jesus and material progress or scientific discoveries. With Bolingbroke he agreed that "there is a gradation of sense and intelligence here from animal beings imperceptible to us for their minuteness, without the help of micro-

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scopes, and even with them, up to man, in whom, though this be their highest stage, sense and intelligence stop short and remain very imperfect." He saw nothing distressing in the assumption that man was made for the planet, and not the planet for man: "The habitation is fit for him, and he is fitted to live in it. He could not exist in any other. But will it follow that the planet was made for him, not he for the planet? The ass would be scorched in Venus or Mercury and be frozen in Jupiter or Saturn. Will it follow that this temperate planet was made for him to bray and to eat thistles in it?"

Such a contemplation of the very unimportant place we occupy in the general scheme of the universe should not unduly depress us nor deter us from our immediate duties. After all, concluded Jefferson, the business of life is with life, that is to say, with matter; and our first preoccupation should be to know the world in which we live—our most imperious task, to utilize and develop the resources at our disposal. He was too fond of new inventions to be afraid of machinism. The man who knew how to plan and construct all the ingenious contraptions with which he surrounded himself was not afraid of being crushed or annihilated by machines. His knowledge of the plows used by the ancients did not prevent him from inventing a new one, better in design and more effective; the man who had built for himself the curious pantograph, which enabled him to make four copies of a letter at one time, would not have hesitated to use a typewriter. Most certainly he would not have considered material progress an obstacle to moral advancement; and were he to come back today he would probably find that the problems so greatly agitating us do not differ essentially from those confronting him when he was a student at William and Mary and which he solved with the help of the old philosophers. If dragged into the controversy he would no doubt write a long letter to Professor Babbitt and Mr. Paul Elmer More. He would admit, with them, that some "inner check" is needed to control our moral life; he would call their attention to the fact that, in his youth, he too felt the greatest admiration for certain old philosophers "whose principles related chiefly to ourselves and the government of those passions which, unrestrained, would disturb our tranquillity of mind"; but he would add that he had clearly seen the necessity of completing those principles and theories with something less humanistic, perhaps, but certainly more human.

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Thus, as he advanced in age, the classics ceased to be the sole staff upon which Jefferson leaned; but his love for the old masters who had taught him to look at life with courage remained undiminished. Now he read them for pleasure rather than with a practical object in mind. "I enjoyed Homer in his own language infinitely beyond Pope's translation of him," he wrote, in 1800, to Priestley, "and both beyond the dull narrative of the same event by Dares Phrygius; and it is an innocent enjoyment. I thank on my knees him who directed my early education for having put into my possession this rich source of delight, and I would not exchange it for anything which I could then have acquired, and have not acquired."

Jefferson had commissioned Ticknor to send him from Europe the best and most recent editions of Greek and Latin classics but I have a suspicion that more than once he preferred the thin scrap-book with yellow leaves and turned-up corners, kept by Mrs. Randolph "among her treasures," in which he had gathered the essence of ancient wisdom, and, thumbing its pages, he reviewed his life in the light of the old maxims he had copied when a student. Time and again his experience bore witness to the wisdom of the sages. At last, like the Roman farmer, he was back on his ancestral acres and, reading in his book the famous lines of Horace, *O rus, quando te aspiciam*, he could feel that having fulfilled one of his most cherished and constant desires, he might now be permitted "to read the books of ancient writers," or to give "to sleep drowsy hours to enjoy the sweet oblivion of a restless existence."

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The Scholar's Place in Public Life

ROBERT F. WAGNER
United States Senator from New York

DURING the past four years I have again been a student in attendance at what I regard as America's foremost university—the United States Senate. True enough, the courses I pursued at my latter-day university on Capitol Hill were quite outside the scope of the curriculum at the City College of New York as I knew it. In lieu of calculus I studied tariff making and in place of Greek mythology I learned the art of treaty making. Keats and Shelley were displaced by seminars in business organization, particularly of the coal industry, motion pictures, motor buses, radio broadcasting, and banking. It is from that kind of immediate background that I write on the place of the scholar in public life.

Let me say at the outset that if by scholarship we mean merely an acquaintance with the traditional lore of antiquity and the relatively fixed content of what was once called culture, then the scholar has neither a very large nor a very important place in public life. It is only to the kind of scholarship which flies a more ambitious flag and marches to a more modern tune that I address myself. For public life today is steeped in the immediate present. The philosophers may tell us that the present is but a speck of boundary line between a past full of glory and a future full of hope. To the modern, in the words of Morris Raphael Cohen, the past is irretrievable and the future is unpredictable. Only the present holds in its lap the wealth of sensation and the thrill of change which enjoy the undivided attention of modern age.

The foremost change in this generation which modifies the substance of American life is revealed in the announcement of the Census Bureau that the drift of population from farm to city has reached the point where the majority of our people are now classified as urban. That shift is in my judgment of the most profound significance. The division between rural people and urban people is more than a convenient statistical device. The urban way of living is different from the rural way of living. Human attitudes on the

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farm and the city are different; values are different. In urban life the center of gravity is not in the individual but in the community. I am satisfied that, more than any other single factor, urbanization has changed and will continue to change America's way of life. Here then is the first opportunity and the first obligation of scholarship in public affairs—so to translate the virtues, aspirations, and ideals of a rural people that they will serve in the development and progress of an urban people. That task has not yet been done. It needs to be done, for the lack of it is at the very bottom of much that is bitterly controversial in the public life of our country.

Another contemporary process of major significance is the industrialization which has been in progress for a long time and which was quickened into maturity by the World War. One of the most penetrating studies of America that have been published since the War is André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age*. The fact which induces that author to conclude that America has come of age is that it has become industrially mature. It imports raw materials; it exports finished products. That is the test which he applies. Cotton is no longer king of exports. The products of the factory now enjoy supremacy. The implications and consequences of industrial maturity are far-reaching both externally and internally. Externally, what will become of our traditional isolation when a thousand economic threads tie us inseverably to every continent on the globe? Internally, industrialization has brought into the foreground of public affairs all of the intricate problems which arise out of the fact that the individual is no longer master of his economic destiny. No longer is it the individual's willingness to work or shirk which alone determines his well-being. His power to earn a living depends upon his job. His job may vanish, his craft may vanish through no act or omission of his own. Out of these changes has emerged the recognition of new social obligations which are expressed in much of our recent legislation and even more so in impending legislation. The risks of industrial accidents and ill health, the rigors of old age unprovided for, the dangers of involuntary idleness, all lose the character they once had as tragedies of the individual. They take on a public significance. They become social problems. They impose community obligations that enlarge the very concept of the State.

Here then is the second area which requires the careful tillage of

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scholarship. Where shall the State draw the line in its assumption of responsibilities that once belonged to the individual? How far can the State go without impairing those qualities of citizenship that we value?

Just as urbanization has changed America's way of life, so has industrialization changed America's way of earning a living. From both these changes has come a third: a vast increase of national power, mechanical and economic. Has our industrial maturity been accompanied by intellectual and moral growth? Do we know how to utilize the vast powers now at our command for our salvation and not for our destruction?

It is hardly necessary to adduce proof that we have not managed well. In the grim records of the World War, in the multitude of tragedies of the world-wide depression, the testimony is perpetuated that this generation did not know how to dispose of its astoundingly generous legacy in such manner as to contribute to the happiness of the great masses who inhabit the globe. We had practically achieved everything that thinkers of a former day had said would lead to universal peace, to widespread contentment and general satisfaction. The Earth had become small as distances were abolished; the nations had become more inter-dependent than the members of a family; the productive capacity of the world had been expanded until at last it seemed as if the ancient devil of scarcity had forever been exorcised. And out of that mixture of undoubted blessings has come the curse of war and the taunt of universal depression!

Beneath the foam of effervescent politics runs a deep stream in flood with these questions and these perplexities. It is these problems which are the living tissue of public affairs. To whom shall we turn for light and wisdom in our confusion but to the scholar and his scholarship? You may ask me what is that scholarship that I rest such hopes upon it. I shall answer by quoting the simple definition of Dean McConn of Lehigh University in his book *College or Kindergarten:*

"We shall never be able to define it satisfactorily, but we know what we mean. We mean knowledge—quite a good deal of knowledge; some of it superficial, some intensive and exact; including both facts and the interpretation of facts, with a critical discrimination between the two. We mean enjoyment—appreciation, of books, art, nature, and human beings. We mean freedom—self-emancipation

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—getting loose, so far as may be possible, from all the crowding prejudgments of family, class, party, creed, nation, and century, into the cool isolation of disinterested thought. We mean understanding —in some measure—of the laws of nature and the heart of man, and of the human situation on this tiny, short-lived planet. And we mean ideals—of truth, beauty, and duty or service or *noblesse oblige*, which we believe can be most truly and nobly conceived only in the light of such knowledge, enjoyment, freedom, and understanding."

If that be scholarship, and I believe it is, then public life, of necessity, must reserve a place of honor for the scholar in the management of public affairs. We need the knowledge, the appreciation, the understanding, and the idealism which are the bag and baggage of the scholar. In scholarship so defined we shall find the light to illumine the course, the strength to pursue it, and the power to direct the changes of the modern age towards socially desirable objectives. We need in public life some of the timidity which characterizes the scholar until he knows the facts. And we need, too, the scholar's faith and boldness in changing his course once he knows and understands the facts.

Let scholarship so reformulate for us the concepts that served in the conquest of the continent that they will serve again in the new adjustment of the American people to an urban and industrial existence. Let scholarship plot out the road that leads to peace among nations. Let scholarship devise the means of accomplishing a more equitable distribution of the wealth we produce among those who contribute to its creation. Let scholarship do these things and it will occupy not merely a part but the stellar rôle in the management of our public affairs.

We are today moving forward, but we are moving in response to the pull and the jerk of organized minorities. We need in public life the capacity of the scholar to make our movement more coherent, more intelligible, and more definitely directed to the goal we aim to reach. What that goal is—that is beyond me to express with precision. Surely it includes the intelligent use of the vast riches, material and spiritual, which are abundantly about us, not to add more power to the few who already possess it, but to achieve for all mankind a far greater happiness than it has yet known, and for each individual the maximum development of the nobility which resides within him.

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The American Scholar

ODELL SHEPARD
Trinity College

Read before the Harvard Chapter of Phia Beta Kappa on June 15, 1931

I

SIR, gentlemen, and brothers, friends:
On this far-shining summit of the days,
In this refulgent hour
When lavish June is lifting leaf and flower
To a transient glory in our New England ways
And spreading splendor to the country's ends,
How all the pride of learning pales and wanes!
Now while our outspread land feels sudden power
Flooding its veins
And murmurs under alternate suns and rains
One prayer of praise,
We cannot speak in stiff and stately phrase
Of winter's toils and academic lore.
For June with a burst of glory at the door
Laughs down our sounding periods.
Her clear voice calls
Out to the rippling realms of the river-gods,
Up to the cloud-wrack where the high hawks soar,
Over the meadow's wavering green-silvery floor.
Even in these dim halls
A sudden splendor falls
Upon us, and a nameless grace.
From far, from upland intervals,
From still savannah, bearded forest, ferny glen,
From crags where white-fanged waters plunge and race
And cataracts beat eternal drums,
A gathering rumor comes.

NOTE.—The identity of titles is mere coincidence. The poem was written and named before the author knew of plans for the quarterly.

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With cries of birds far up the wind,
With shouts of men
By distance thinned,
With laughter of happy girl and boy,
In one vast voice that carols, chants, and hums,
America sings round us in this place!
Behold the young corn flashing in Illinois,
And a thousand miles of grain and grasses blow
Through the Dakotas and high Idaho,
Exultantly undulant under the gold sun.
Swift shadows of the cloud-fleets slip and run
Down shaggy Appalachians, or sprawl asleep
Upon the Mississippi, or suddenly leap
And pale the peaks of immemorial snow
That brood forever over Oregon
And glow,
Like noble thoughts in the wastes of time,
Far out to sea.

America! Ah now,
In this full flush and foison of the year,
She comes more near,
With wreaths about her brow
Of roses newly blown,
Her beauty bathed in earth's bluest air,
And winds of all wide heaven in her hair.
Surely this is the same deep-bosomed mother
That we have known,
Yet face and brow and her very eyes are other;
More young she seems, more fair;
More tenderly the deep skies lean above her,
And every breeze is murmuring her name.
Our mistress now she is, our lover
Whom no heart can disclaim.
Strange beauty comes upon her
That sets our love aflame
Somehow to do her honor
And guard her holy fame.

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II

Scholars, America, and golden weather—
By what art
Can these be wrought together?
But then there comes the question from the heart:
Can they be held apart?
Not here, not now, and not by such as we.
Like deed and thought and word
They shall be tuned to a strict accord
Until they chime
Along the ringing rhyme
And sound one rounded harmony
Within the mind's quick ear,
Deeply reverberating, richly intervalled—
Even as they chime in words once spoken here
By a golden voice, in tones serenely low,
Of a calm-browed scholar whom you called
From Concord meadows in the summer-time
Almost one hundred years ago.
In every word resounded
His love of country, grounded
Upon unwavering faith that mind
Shall serve its time and place and kind,
His confidence in thought, the giver
Of all enduring gain.
And therewith went a woven under-strain
Of summer wind
Mingled with bird-song and rustle of early grain,
Brought from the banks where yet his willows blow,
Caught in the wood where still his great pines grow,
Heard where his slowly rolling river
Even now "repeats the music of the rain."

III

One hundred years! And does the scholar hold
The leadership that Emerson foretold?
Is this America controlled,

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Uplifted, guided, by the might of mind;
Or is she a struggle of blind men with the blind
Where wild weak hands and violent
Shatter all high intent,
Destroying such a dream
As men will never dare to dream again?
O, climbs she now,
Though cloaked in cloud and through the driven rain,
Some hidden mountain's brow
That gathers every east and western beam;
Or does she reel and race
Down slippery slopes of ruin to the place
Where rot the wrecks of time?

One hundred years!
Then let us count our hopes and face our fears.
On this fair morning of the summer's prime
Let us look forth like pilgrims far from home
Who with undaunted hearts survey
A wilderness above, around, below,
Tracing the intricate dangerous mountain way
That they have come
And the steeper, darker way that they must go.

IV

Little indeed
The loud deaf time will heed
What hope or what despair we utter here.
If Webster spoke, or Lowell sung,
'Twere now as babble of an unknown tongue
In the porch of a dead man's ear.
Our voices faint and fail amid the roar
And thunder always at the door;
Our weak faith cringes at the cynic sneer;
So that each scholar learns before his end
Never to praise, nor even to defend,
What most his heart holds true and deep and dear.
We have retreated more and more

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From tumult and the confused crying,
And wandered thought's inviolable shore
In many a shadowy place of no replying.
We have given the ardor of our youth
To a vision we called Truth,
To faiths we knew as Beauty, Justice, Ruth.
—Dim faiths and fading vision,
Whereat the facts of life laugh shrill derision,
Or seem to laugh.
And these have led us labyrinthine ways
Back to the peopled quiet of old days;
They have bidden us quaff
Wild waters in the desert places
Whereof whoso shall drink may not return
Ever again to his dear faces,
However the heart may yearn.
A hum of summoning music fills the air
For us; on heights far off huge beacons burn,
Luring us onward still into the stir
And strangeness of a whispering land
Fairer, and lonelier,
Than those we leave behind can understand.

V

What wonder that the headlong world,
Forward plunging, backward hurled,
Lured by mirage of progress, gone astray
Where road is none, nor path, nor any way,
Yet calls to us no more?
We have lost the light of leadership we wore
When, long ago, a few thought-laden men
Led their devoted band
To this wild land
And dared this desolate shore.
For first they thought of God, and then
Of life, and last, but never least, of lore.
Scarce had they put aside the sharp distress

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And hunger of dire poverty before
They planted in the wilderness
Those seeds of light they bore.
Where wild men wandered through the glade
And the doe came stepping unafraid
Before her slender-footed fawns to drink
At the still nameless river's brink,
Where wolves yet howled by night and morning broke
On leagues of forest blue with wigwam smoke,
Here, in the music of the pine,
Those faithful fathers of our line
Planted their holy seed—
Founding an Academe indeed,
In a wilder grove than ever Plato knew.
And ah, be sure they meant it for a sign
That in whatever future grew
From such beginnings, mind should ever lead!

VI

But now no longer
Does weakness look for guidance to the stronger,
Or ignorance to the wise.
Our leadership wears now another guise.
For learned slaves the time is clamorous,
But not for us.
Daily the shrill machine
Screams for more skilful thralls,
More mighty toilers at the moment's tasks;
Ever more furious frenzied hands
The world demands;
Seldom for mind it calls;
Rarely for deeper thought it asks;
Never for him who, knowing what things have been,
Knows also what will be again,
Who, waiting long beside time's lofty springs,
Traces in thought its intricate tributaries
And sees, beyond innumerous long-drawn loiterings,
How it spreads wide in shining estuaries

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That open outward to the unbounded sea.
Deeds, and the man of deeds,
So we are taught,
Fulfil our modern needs,
But never he
Who in the seeds of time foreknows the branchy tree;
And not
The consecrated man of thought
Who centers heart and brain
Upon that inward strife where fate is wrought,
Strength won and weakness conquered, greatness caught,
Where finally the spirit of man must gain
Or lose, or stand or fall.
—And even should there sound a sudden call
For such, that call would sound in vain.
Hardly in all our number should we find
Him whom our wisest called "the dedicated mind."
Knowledge we have. Wisdom we have not sought.

VII

Knowledge, this goodly summit, we command;
This height, at least, we have won;
We have come up from the dark of the lower land;
And how that work was done,
How difficultly, with what struggle and strain
Of earnest heart and toiling brain,
Let us remember who can understand.
There have been giants even in our days.
But still our gaze
Is bounded;
We are surrounded
By mountain summits close against the sun.
Already about our feet
Swift shadows climb and run.
For us is no retreat.
Still upward we must go.
The way is onward only

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Through desperate passes of the lonely
Silent snow.

VIII

Wisdom surpassing knowledge is our need,
To counsel and to calm us and control;
Wisdom to save
Mankind from knowledge that we have
And heal the human hurts wherewith we bleed.
For what is all our knowing to the soul,
The worn, bewildered, weary heart of man?
Lonely and lost he is beneath those alien stars;
Stumbling and weak is he, covered with scars
Of old defeats and ancient agonies
Sustained in all his spiritual wars
Since time began;
Yet seeking still some final goal,
Some heavenly balm to ease
The wounds of loss that never wholly heal,
And longing evermore to feel
Some deathless Presence throned above decay,
Beyond this world where all things pass away
And all we love must die and beauty endures a day.
Are facts the food his deeper dreamings crave?
And can they save
The spirit from sinking backward to the clod?
Or make it worth our human pain
To plod
The dreary road between a cradle and grave?
Or fill the thrones of Truth and God?
Such is the sorry faith in which we are left.
With hearts blown bleak and bare,
Of nobler faiths bereft,
We, even we
Who have given our lives to Truth
And called her passing fair,
Setting her name upon
Our proudest gonfalon,

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Hold now that man shall know the facts, forsooth,
And facts will make him free!

IX

Then let us look abroad
Into the best-instructed age that earth has known
And see how fare
The hearts of free men there.
Look not upon the outward parts alone,
Which fools can see and only fools will laud,
Nor yet at baubles and the painted toys
That have usurped the place of deeper joys
And only half forestall despair.
For we are not boys
To be amazed at number, might, or mass,
Amused by playthings partly understood.
The scholar does not ask "how much?" "how swift?"
But still "how good?"
On human good his final judgments pass,
And he will sift
Unnumbered tons of earth
For one pure grain of radiating worth.
Look deeplier then
Upon this dizzy dance
That should be a world of men.
It seems a world
Bewildered, whirled,
Ruled by haphazard circumstance,
By drunken chance,
With senses uncontrolled,
Passions unleashed, unschooled,
Tossed and tormented by shrill sophistries
Of empty demagogues, and drugged with lies;
And everywhere
Loud frantic voices crying up and down
"Lo, here! Lo, there!"
As from men wrecked at night before they drown.

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A world where theft that once was done by stealth
Becomes a commerce and a path to glory;
Where a million lives obscene
Swarm filthy in the veins of public wealth;
Where crime is told as a romantic story
For boys to gape at and to emulate;
Where, for things beautiful,
The moving picture of a painted trull
Wins the acclaim once given the good and great;
Where vice wears virtue's vesture;
Where statesmen meet, disband, and reconvene
For rhetoric and hypocritic gesture
That should mean love, but vote supplies for hate
Unstinting, though the wolf howls at their gate;
Where Puritans enfeebled and degenerate
Invade the conscience, legislate
The will away, and turn delight to shame;
Where ducking politicians desecrate
And daub the lofty name
Of Temperance in their native mire,
Making the law a liar;
Where even in our schools
A host of lettered fools
Determine that to what they cannot see
All shall be blind,
And everything is taught—except the mind;
Where sycophantic priests explain
Most readily
The riddle of the camel and needle's eye,
And tell young men how sweet it is to die
Without inquiring what they perish for,
And that to lie
Mangled and crumpled, pierced, is glorious gain
Whenever their masters need another war—
Ah, let us turn our eyes away!
Such is the world triumphant knowledge made,
The world that facts have fashioned and displayed
Unhelped by wisdom, and it makes the mind afraid.

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It seems a time that high hearts must abhor,
Unfit for any rhyme
Save that of savage indignation.
Let those who made it praise it as they may;
I praise it not,
Nor join my voice in their loud adulation.
Who wonders that the man of thought
Seeks now the peace of some more human day
Peopled by men who spoke his language, cared
For what he cares for, shared
His hopes and fears?
What marvel that he wanders far away
Among the lost and world-forgotten years?

X

We wonder not at all, and yet
We cannot quite forget
That while the times are leaderless
And while the people wander in vague distress
With empty hearts, blank minds, and spirits drear,
The fault is somehow his, that he is not here.
If in this most belovèd of all lands
Control has fallen into ignoble hands,
Why were his hands not raised to save?
If while we veer
From side to side
Seeking a path, and many voices rave,
We never hear
The brave,
The sternly clear
Commanding voice that should have been our guide—
Who would forgive our charity if we forgave?
For he is called to be
Man thinking, man transmuting facts
Into the gold of truth and truthful acts,
Man teaching men to live;
And if he turns,

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A fugitive
From that high alchemy
And merely learns,
Compiles, records,
Spending his strength on empty words,
We may forget him, we shall not forgive.

XI

But peace to that discordant strain!
For now once more
There comes a burst of glory at the door,
And once again
Young summer triumphs in the heart and brain.
From far beyond these dim-lit halls
Rally the calls
Of wind and leaf and bird;
About us falls
Once more a nameless witchery and grace.
America is with us in this place!

If she could speak one audible word
To us who grope
Along the tortuous windings of the years,
Surely that word were "Hope!"
How should we harvest golden grain
When June is spreading splendor through the land,
Or in the green blade count the yellowed ears?
May not the time yet come for the wiser brain,
As time has been and is for the skilful hand?
See, we have felled the forest, laid the road,
Mastered the swamp, and trained the streams to run.
Behold this land that was a wilderness,
Her vivid cities glittering in the sun!
In scarce three hundred years that work was done;
Nor shall we soon forget
What fires glowed,
What vows were made

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In those strong hearts confronting unafraid
Toils and privations we can only guess.
And now our manhood waits, unwearied yet,
With fingers bent by grip of axe and spade;
Into his eyes there runs the salty sweat
Of work whereby foundation-stones are laid.
Dimly he knows his task is not yet through.
Vaguely he hopes it may be well begun.
Now, who shall tell him what is left to do?
O, scholars of America, may it be you!
And may you teach this hardy pioneer
That from henceforth his way is inward-bound,
Where lies a mental wilderness to clear,
A desert of the spirit, savage ground
Where monsters prowl that shake the heart with fear.
He who has been so mighty there may fail
And be but one more moldering heap to find
Beside the long heart-breaking human trail;
But if he is guided and controlled by mind
Most greatly he may yet prevail
In a glory never dreamed by humankind.

XII

There is a holy hill in Concord town
Rich with the dust of Emerson and Thoreau,
Where mournful ever-murmuring pines look down
Upon the little river winding slow
Among the water-meadows that they knew.
Serenely there the seasons come and go,
Bringing the bluebird back, bringing the snow,
But never a sight or sound of those great two
Who sleep beneath the green grass and the brown.
So still the place is that their work seems through,
Except that now they help the roses grow
And precious atoms of their bone and brain,
Recalled to earth's huge chemistry again,
Flutter in leaves against the morning's blue.

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Upon that hill one follower of theirs
Has wrestled with his fear and his despairs
Hour after long hour, pleading for some sign,
Struggling to draw them back from wandering airs
Into the circle of our need. In vain! In vain!
Only the mournful murmur of the pine,
Remembering other days, answered my prayers.
They had done what they could do,
And I was left alone with a weak few
To fight this losing battle, theirs and mine.

Then strength surged through me from that hill of stone.
Were they not also alone,
Save for the mighty dead?
Did not our rivers in their time run red?
Was not their world
Bewildered, whirled,
Ruled by haphazard circumstance,
By drunken chance?
Heard they not everywhere
Loud frantic voices crying up and down
"Lo, here! Lo, there!"
As from men wrecked by night before they drown?
Ah, brothers, this our battle is not new.
These two,
These scholars utterly American,
Have fought it through.
Two arrows were they from this quiver of men—
Ah, swift and far they flew!—
Two arrows tipped with flame
Still burning, though the shafts fell whence they came.
Not all of them sleeps on that holy hill.
Our strength they are, our hope, our wisdom still.
There's something starry, something bold,
Eludes the clutch of the dark and mold,
Something that will not wholly die
Out of their dear familiar sky.
And I have heard prophetic voices run

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Along the waves of Walden's plashy edge,
And where the bright slow river, brimmed with sun,
Winds murmuring through his meadowy miles of sedge;
I have seen at the solemn close of day
The pines of Walden swing and pause and sway,
Those sombre oracles
Whence the wise spirit has not fled away
But whispereth still his leafy parables.
The thought of them brings coolness to the brow
And patience to the heart.
Remembering their ancient song
Faith quickens and grows strong.
Out of the future fairer visions start.
Dimly I see some happier scholar stand
One hundred years from now
Before this band
Of scholars and of brothers,
Hear him show
The onward march of mind across our land,
Led by Thoreau and Emerson
Whose work is not yet done;
Faintly I hear him speak the names of others
That will resound in times we shall not know—
Masters of mind, of men,
Strong lords of the machine,
Who, knowing what things have been,
Discern what things must be again
And from the seeds of time foretell the branchy tree,
Scholars American!
Shapers of what shall be!
Thus may the prophecy come true
Which our great leader made to you
Almost one hundred years ago.

Thanks, then, dark pines of Walden Wood
Where Wisdom dwelleth still,
Breathing cool patience over the scholar's mood!
Deep thanks, slow rolling river,

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Whose little amber waves forever
Liquidly loop and wind
Across the sacred country of the mind!
Great thanks, O holy hill!
If in my haste I have repined
And then found comfort, Concord is the giver.
From that belovèd town I bring
All that is worthy in my offering
On this fair summit of the days,
This perfect swiftly-passing hour
When lavish June lifts blade and leaf and flower
To glory along our loved New England ways.

Intellectual Needs of Alumni

WILFRED B. SHAW
The University of Michigan

THE need for encouraging a continued intellectual effort in post-college years is recognized by many leaders in higher education. Although many university teachers still tacitly assume that their responsibility to their students ceases at graduation, that if the student has not learned how to select the books he reads and to choose the preoccupations that guide his future development the college can do little more for him, it is significant that there are others who see the problem differently. In the development of an intellectual fellowship with their former students many teachers recognize a vital contact which may play a fundamental part in the intelligent solution of America's problems. But even though any immediate program may only be regarded, in the words of President Neilson of Smith College, as a "salvage operation," such an effort is worth while if only it makes sure that our educational investment is not "lost for a lack of a proper follow-up."

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It is significant that in all the efforts in alumni education which have been carried out so far the emphasis has been upon the cultural rather than the practical subjects, and this emphasis has arisen with the alumni themselves, whatever the *a priori* attitude on the part of the institution may have been. Of course many men and women seek to better themselves in their own profession or technical field, but the majority of alumni are interested primarily in broadening their mental horizons, especially those whose training has been largely professional. The lawyer wishes to know something about philosophy or drama; the teacher is interested in the implications of a new physics; while the engineer is interested in literature. Thus the correspondence of one who is developing a program for alumni on this basis forms a record of hobbies and avocations which indicates a current of fundamental significance. Further, it is characteristic of the college graduate in this relationship that he has little use for formal courses or credits.

Every thoughtful man realizes that the period of reappraisal of educational effort and changing objectives which set in some years before the World War is not over. In the future it is going to mean more, and in a new way, to be an alumnus than it has meant in the past. No longer can we recapture the almost unique distinction it once was to be a college graduate. That apartness for the college bred is over; but the possibility of a well rounded intellectual life, growing and constantly expanding through new contacts with the world of thought, gives a more profound value to life for the graduate of the future.

Up to the present time the place the graduate takes in college and university programs has come as a practical result of his desire to keep his college associations a factor in his life. This sentiment has found practical expression in the ever present alumni organizations, even though the fellowship has been oftentimes limited and materialistic. These organizations have been criticized because of their superficial interest in the immediate and practical aspects of college life, especially athletics. But the fundamental urge behind alumni extravagance goes deeper than the ephemeral and less worthy forms it sometimes assumes. The responsibility for recognizing and encouraging the vital intellectual yearnings which lie dormant in almost any group of alumni rests with our colleges and universities

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themselves. Content to let the alumni work out their own educational salvation they have echoed the easy criticisms of the graduate as a harmful and disturbing influence. Such views help to explain why our alumni relations today are in many ways poor relations, and why, for many alumni, the underlying educational values of academic life come to have no meaning. Wherever an opportunity has arisen, however, for serious cooperation on the part of the alumni in the fundamental aims and problems of their institution, the results have not seldom been stimulating both to the institution and to the alumni. This cooperation has been limited necessarily by the fact that the only messages which have come consistently from our colleges to their alumni have been calls for help, financial help in particular.

The measures which our educational institutions must take if they are to maintain the leadership rightly expected of them in this confused and changing industrial and international world may be sharply divided into two rather obvious spheres of action. The student in residence, undergraduate and graduate, is of course a first responsibility. But the view of education as a continuing evolution to which the undergraduate years are only an introduction, must eventually be reflected in our undergraduate programs. The instrumentalities which lead to education rather than training, to wisdom rather than knowledge, must be developed and emphasized. The second sphere is the public at large, comprising the college graduates as well as those thoughtful members of society who have never been to college. This constituency is looking more and more to our colleges and universities for leadership. We are recognizing that adult education is becoming a force in American life; but that it is an element which has existed with us from our earliest days may be easily overlooked. The old town meetings, the lyceums and chautauquas, the women's clubs and trade schools, obviously played their part in molding the American people for citizenship. This old educational force may be given a new interpretation in the alumni programs of colleges and universities.

Undergraduates' life and thought are largely molded through the opportunities offered for meeting and hearing men of thought. Is it not desirable to continue that relationship? The success which has attended the various "alumni colleges" and "universities" which are being established here and there over the country emphasizes this

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point. In some institutions a week has been given over to lecture courses for the alumni, while elsewhere the program is shorter. But everywhere the alumni students are not only interested but enthusiastic, so much so that their unexpected applause at the end of their classes has almost overcome some teachers.

Many college graduates, too, find the problem of making their reading of real profit curiously difficult. Reading may be desultory but it may easily be turned toward particular fields with profit and satisfaction, once the habit is created. There are a number of American colleges and universities that are experimenting in guided reading, with significant results. Books are distributed, sometimes free and sometimes at a small fee. Reading lists are prepared in subjects which have a general appeal or in specialized fields when requested by alumni. Courses of study are also being set up on broader outlines based on reading references and in some cases the radio is utilized. Some institutions, moreover, through special communications and bulletins, are making special efforts to keep their alumni in touch with their scientific and educational progress.

In some colleges and universities efforts in such directions are being developed carefully and systematically; elsewhere the experiment can only be considered as tentative. Dartmouth, Amherst, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Lafayette, Michigan, Beloit, Lawrence, Virginia, Princeton, Ohio State, North Carolina, Pittsburgh, Southern California, St. Mary's, and Berea are carrying on such alumni programs in one field or another, and the number is growing all the time. The women's colleges are even more interested. Efforts at Smith, Vassar, Radcliffe, North Carolina College for Women, Agnes Scott, Georgia Wesleyan, and Mills have elicited a more significant response than is the case with many of the men's colleges. In some instances over one-third of the alumni have indicated a desire to take advantage of the particular service offered—in one case books in special fields and in another lectures by members of the faculty, accompanied by reading lists. The educational program of the American Association of University Women also is a pioneer in this field. Most important of all, certainly, is the undergraduate curriculum. Our student programs should definitely envisage preparation for a life of continuing educational development.

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Robert Bridges and George Santayana

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IN our day and generation, when philosophic poetry of more than a page in length is little written and less read, a long philosophic poem has appeared, and, what is more remarkable, has achieved a considerable popular success. Even in terms of that pecuniary language which we moderns are supposed to be able to understand most readily, the book is entirely respectable. A copy of the English limited edition, out of print on the day of publication, changed hands a year ago at the price of two hundred dollars. Some months ago nine trade impressions had been required in England, and in America the demand had exhausted the limited edition and three expensive trade editions besides. Remembering Cottle, the publisher who paid thirty guineas for the copyright of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, only to sell most of the first edition of five hundred copies as a "remainder," and who then returned the rights to the author valued at exactly nil, one is almost tempted to believe that the lot of the poet in our time is becoming a comparatively happy one.

But poets wish their poems to be read, not simply bought; and, if forced to choose between the two alternatives, I imagine that those not actually on the verge of starvation would prefer the former. Prices asked and copies sold tell us little about what we should really like to know, namely—whether the thousands of buyers of *The Testament of Beauty* have read all or even most of its nearly two hundred pages of "loose alexandrines." In this era of book clubs, best-seller lists, book advertisements of the patent-medicine variety, and follow-the-leader criticism, a large proportion of the copies of any widely-touted literary success doubtless find their way to library tables and shelves, there to remain in state, admired but unperused. In the instance of Robert Bridges' belated and difficult masterpiece, the number has probably been larger than usual. One British reviewer, at least, seems to think so, remarking that the poem is in England everywhere praised and possessed, but that, upon being questioned, "no one seems to have read it." A certain melancholy confirmation comes from this side of the Atlantic in the results of a

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recent inquiry into the reading habits of Wellesley College undergraduates, where the *Testament* appears only in the list of books which a few of the girls "intend to read." One is almost inclined to fear for Bridges the fate ironically assigned to Dante by Voltaire: that his fame will become continually greater and greater as time goes on, because there will soon be nobody who reads him!

The reasons, quite apart from this book's especial peculiarities, such as partially simplified spelling and the lack of initial capitals, which are repellent to some readers, are not far to seek. It is a commonplace that poetry, like music, should be heard as well as seen in order to be appreciated. The eye alone cannot give what the poet intended us to receive. Nor is inner speech hardly enough. The audible exercise of the human voice is almost as essential to a book of poetry as the use of a musicial instrument to a score of music. Of course we have all been told this from childhood; and yet too often we read verses with our eyes alone, and wonder why they fail to charm us as we expected they would. We do not ordinarily read long books of poetry aloud today unless, like Robinson's *Tristram* or Benét's *John Brown's Body*, they tell us stories which can be "finished" in a few sittings. As readers we are accustomed to a daily fare of swiftly-moving journalism, plays with a "punch," and novels crammed with jerky dialogue. So we are continually in a hurry to "get through the book," to "see how it comes out," forgetting that there can be anything worth reading which is not rapidly narrative in character. Or, if we do indulge in so-called "serious" reading, we take it for granted that our main interest is in the subject-matter rather than in the style in which it is presented; and if the author has somehow arranged the facts for us to think about, we are likely to rest content.

The few who do read poetry aloud for its music as well as for its story or content, commonly expect the poet to assist them by distorting ordinary, everyday language into a metrical tumpty-tump scheme which can be learned by any ten-year-old on his way to the bottom of page one. Difficulty in reading a new poem has almost come to be regarded as a just cause for resentment against the author. This is a demand which the selfsame persons would never think of making of a composer of music. We expect to practice arduously before we can perform a new song, or composition for the piano, even

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passably well; but lyrics and epics which break new paths in versification are supposed somehow to be instantly and effortlessly readable by the veriest tyro, or else they are to be dismissed as "obscure" and unintelligible. Such minnesingers as the late Vachel Lindsay have even gone so far as to pamper the public by inserting marginal reading-directions in their books, forgetting that the best lines of poetry contain their own reading-directions. The latter, however, are discoverable only by a certain amount of effort, and, in the case of radically new forms of verse, only by a great amount. Just because a ten-year-old can pick out "America" on the piano after one or two attempts, we do not expect him to do the same for a composition by Respighi or Ravel; and just because he can also succeed in droning out the verses of *Hiawatha* on first acquaintance, we ought not to expect him, or his adult equivalent, to achieve an instantaneous mastery of and liking for such a poem as *The Testament of Beauty.*

For it appears that, unhappily for indolent prospective readers, the *Testament* is not easily read at sight by following the usual rules. The poem "protects itself" against the casual taster of literary dishes. And yet, once its verse-form is understood, its reading is far from difficult. The apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that it is based, not upon regularity of metre, but upon that far more subtle thing, rhythm. Bridges never asks us to accent a syllable which the sense would leave unaccented. Metre being related to rhythm in verse much as time is related to rhythm in music, the poem, as it were, dispenses with the aid of any poetical metronome. It reads as a man might conceivably converse with himself in a long lyrical soliloquy on life and destiny. The reader is thus called upon to forget not only rhyme, but the whole tradition of attention to feet or even to verses. This leaves those anxious pedants whose one test of poetry is scansion, utterly and hopelessly confounded. Lovers of old-fashioned metrical assistance find the going at first rather hard, and one of them, Dean Inge, is reported to have dismissed Bridges' achievement, shortly after it appeared, with the snort: "I hate loose metre even more than loose living."

The poet, in other words, has no intention of "establishing a metre" for us on page one which will carry us sing-songing through the rest of the book. As a matter of fact his first seven lines are metrically chaotic. The first two, like great opening chords of music:

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> Mortal Prudence, handmaid of divine Providence,
> hath inscrutable reckoning with Fate and Fortune:

stand by themselves as a sort of invocation. They are followed by a perfect alexandrine:

> We sail a changeful sea through halcyon days and storm,

then, even as the mood changes, the lines become disturbed and abrupt:

> and when the ship laboureth, our stedfast purpose
> trembles like as the compass in a binnacle.

only to become calm again:

> Our stability is but balance, and wisdom lies
> in masterful administration of the unforeseen.

This discarding of metre involves a certain loss of technical resources, it is true, for where there is no metrical regularity there can be none of the ordinary effects obtained by occasional metrical irregularity. Such changes of pace, which lend to long poems so much of their charm, must now be confined to the rhythm. Despite the poet's abandonment of these more obvious tricks of his trade, however, the *Testament* never becomes free verse; it may at times be extremely loose, but it is still regularly rhythmical.

Now it is at least arguable that this revolutionary step is in the direction of greater eventual ease and enjoyment in the reading of verse, especially of long poems, in that it leaves the reader free to follow the sense without concentrating his attention upon the metre. In a philosophic poem this is of particular importance, for it allows the thought to govern the diction, and eliminates the distraction from the subject-matter that is involved in the deliberate timing of the lines. But of course such writing can remain poetical only if the artist possesses sufficient skill to take care of the rhythm. It may come as a shock to some to learn that verse can be read naturally, as people speak, without straining after the rhyme or metre, and still be poetry and not prose. But Bridges has demonstrated that this is so; although it is true that some purists would so define poetry as to exclude every-

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thing but the metrically orthodox. This is hardly the place to enter the confused debate over the wavering boundary line between poetry and prose. Suffice it to remark that, quite apart from considerations of metre, there are obviously prose rhythms, based upon the sentence, the proposition, the declaration of the speaking voice; and poetic rhythms, based upon the cry, the chant, the outpouring of the voice in song. And while the *Testament* occasionally displays prose characteristics, its dominant rhythms are those of music, often of the purest poetry imaginable.

In any discussion of the novelty of the poem, it should be noted that its departures in technique were initiated, not by some young radical upstart engaged in serving his poetical apprenticeship, who smashes tradition from sheer exuberance or love of notoriety; but by a lifelong student of classical learning and of the finer points of versification, a master-craftsman in the most intricate and delicate forms of poetry, known as "a stickler for metrical consistency all his life," with over fifty years of patient experiment to his credit. If Bridges departed from tradition, it was not because he was ignorant or disdainful of it, but because, like other great innovating artists, he wanted to develop a new tradition to take its place beside the old. Perhaps a sort of Einstein in poetry, Bridges enlarges the domain of the old "Newtonian" order of metre by adding a new "relativist" order of pure rhythm. Such considerations, however, bring us to a discussion of the man behind the poem, and of the circumstances which attended its composition.

These are in a way even more surprising than the facts of its reception. In the first place, the man who awoke to find himself famous on the morning after its publication was none other than England's poet laureate since 1913. But are not poet laureates necessarily famous men? Without entering upon a discussion of the laureateship as an institution, it may be said that England has long been accustomed to poet laureates who are by no means famous men. They may be eminent, but that does not mean that they are important personages. Ask any newspaper editor. In the case of Bridges, his relative obscurity was accentuated by the fact that before he was made poet laureate he had already become something of a back-number in anthologies of poetry. In 1906 a collection of poems entitled "Bridges to Kipling" was met by a surprised public with the query "What do we want

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bridges to Kipling for?" Raised to the laureateship by his friend Herbert Asquith, Bridges managed to achieve a singular degree of popular disfavor. About a year after his appointment came the war, and the British public, hungry for the stirring strains of a Kipling or a Newbolt, turned angrily against his few "intricate and scholarly melodies." At one time the London newspaper hoardings even bore the sarcastic legend: "Silent Laureate Won't Sing."

More remarkable still, *The Testament of Beauty* was composed during the author's eighty-second and eighty-third years, and published on his eighty-fifth birthday (he did not live to see his eighty-sixth)—facts which should silence forever the claims that "great poetry can be written only by the young." One is reminded of the Greek dramatists Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who also wrote great verse in what are usually referred to as a man's declining years. But old men can write great poetry only if they have spent their lives in preparing to do so. A detailed survey of the life of Robert Bridges would show that for more than half a century he had been doing exactly that. Within the compass of this paper, however, there is room only for the briefest biographical mention.

The outward facts are simple. Born within the British aristocracy, educated at Eton and Oxford to a life of leisure, Bridges at first intended to become a candidate for holy orders. Finally he gave up the idea, setting out upon travels which took him to Egypt and Greece. On his return he began the study of medicine, practicing as a surgeon in London hospitals for about fifteen years. As time went on he felt himself more and more "called" to the writing of poetry, publishing his first *Poems* in 1873. At forty he retired to a quiet existence in the country at the charming village of Yattendon, and at sixty moved to Boar's Hill near Oxford as a neighbor of Gilbert Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, and occasionally of that wandering scholar, George Santayana. There he occupied himself in the study of liturgy, quiet contemplation, and the arduous self-discipline of writing.

Throughout his happy life (for few lives have been happier to outward view), Bridges retained the athletic figure he had developed in the sports of his youth. As an undergraduate he was reputed the best stroke at Oxford, bringing the Corpus boat to the head of the river, only to decline the position of stroke of the varsity in order to devote his time to preparation for his Schools. At seventy he drilled

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with the Oxford Volunteers, and at seventy-six could walk his three miles a day over rough country without undue fatigue. He is described as looking the poet-athlete to the end: "tall, lean, muscular body, strong hands (with a pretty touch on the harpsichord), magnificent head with its great tumble of white hair, perfect straight features, deep-sunken burning eyes, and neat jutting beard." Every inch of him was masculine and robust—no sick and ailing genius he. "Had Shelley lived into his eightieth year," says Edmund Blunden, "there could hardly have been a surer union of strength and beauty in his presence."

From the first, Bridges immersed himself in classical learning with that sincere devotion which the world associates with Oxford; and he has been called "the finest, as he will be perhaps the last, representative of all that was old, aristocratic and mellow in Oxford culture." Yet in his work he was, within the classical limits, a fearless and untiring experimenter. Feeling keenly the responsibilities of the high calling of poet, the task which he modestly set himself was no less than the renovation of the entire technique of English verse. Of the five volumes of plays, masks, sonnets, and lyrics which preceded the *Testament*, some of them containing his most distinguished work, it may merely be said that they include "no line not the poet's best."

Now at last after eighty years, this serene English patrician to whom fortune has been so kind, looks back over life to see what it amounts to. He will empty his mental pockets for the last time and see what pure gold, what silver, or what worthless copper perhaps, they contain. His art has been mastered as few men have mastered it. He has the assurance that whatever he writes will make music as well as sense. His years have also given him the right to play the part of the sage. Within the circle of what seems to him to be the best that the world affords, he has lived well—a scholarly, athletic, happy home life in a countryside well-loved. Now he will pronounce his mature judgment upon existence. Intensely individualistic and disdainful of the crowd, throughout life a "private man," he has no desire to edify or to convert his readers. To put his own rich stores of experience in order, he will attempt honestly to express the faith that is in him. Others may see life differently. No matter. He will speak for himself. He will leave behind his own personal testimony, his last testament.

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Its general tone and flavor, apart from what might perhaps be called its philosophy, may be guessed from our knowledge of the man. It will be English to the core, in the ancient tradition of Béowulf and Chaucer, of Piers Plowman and the Faerie Queene. But it will also be modern. An ex-surgeon, Bridges, in his own words, refuses "to blink dishonestly the tribulation of man." Frankly he faces all the discoveries of science and all the horrors of war. But he has not been embittered, disillusioned, or made faint-hearted by eight decades of human experience. He is serene, healthy, sane, full of hope and a quiet ecstasy that he called Joy. In one of his early poems he had said: "My eyes for beauty pine." He has found beauty in life, not simply once but again and again. Of these beauties he now proposes to tell, to pour out a thousand exquisite remembered lovelinesses in a long catalog of delight: clouds, mountains, flowers, birds, bees, food, wine, music, the troubadours and those whose charms they sang. Some of these passages scattered through the poem will long be treasured among the finest nature poetry in the language, as for example:

> The sky's unresting cloudland, that with varying play
> sifteth the sunlight thru' its figured shades, that now
> stand in massiv range, cumulated stupendous
> mountainous snowbillowy up-piled in dazzling sheen,
> Now like sailing ships on a calm ocean drifting,
> Now scatter'd wispy waifs, that neath the eager blaze
> disperse in air: Or now parcelling the icy inane
> highspredd in fine diaper of silver and mother-of-pearl
> freaking the intense azure; Now scurrying close o'erhead,
> wild ink-hued random racers that fling sheeted rain
> gustily, and with garish bows laughing o'erarch the land:
> Or, if the spirit of storm be abroad, huge molten glooms
> mount on the horizon stealthily, and gathering as they climb
> deep-freighted with live lightning, thunder and drenching flood
> rebuff the winds, and with black-purpling terror impend
> til they be driven away, when grave Night peacefully
> clearing her heavenly rondure of its turbid veils
> layeth bare the playthings of Creation's babyhood;
> and the immortal fireballs of her uttermost space
> twinkle like friendly rushlights on the countryside.
>
> I, 277-96.

Or again, a passage which, in the sudden uprush of the wild-fowl,

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displays at its best the poet's unrivalled skill in fitting his tempo to a rapid change in the sense.

> As well might be with one who wendeth lone his way
> beside the watchful dykes of the flat Frisian shore,
> what hour the wading tribes, that make their home and
> breed numberless on the marshy polders, creep unseen
> widely dispersed at feed, and silent neath the sun
> the low unfeatured landscape seemeth void of life—
> when without warning suddenly all the legion'd fowl
> rise from their beauties' ambush in the reedy beds,
> and on spredd wings with clamorous ecstasy
> carillioning in the air manoeuvre, and where they wheel
> transport the broken sunlight, shoaling in the sky—
> with like sudden animation the fair fields of France
> gave birth to myriad poets and singers unknown,
> who in a main flight gathering their playful flock
> settled in Languedoc, on either side the Rhone
> within the court and county of Raymond of Toulouse.
>
> III, 617-32.

But *The Testament of Beauty* is far more than a mere catalog of what the poet has found beautiful; it is an attempt to express a philosophy that touches all the great themes of human life and destiny. It aspires to a place among the great philosophical poems, the works of Lucretius, Dante, Milton; and it may, as Odell Shepard suggests, turn out to be "the *De rerum natura* of our Christian civilization," a synthesis of the loftiest thinking of an epoch already near its close.

That is not to say that the poem is a piece of logical, consistent, sustained, or well-organized thinking, for it is not. It gives an impression of structural arrangement in the schematism at the beginning of second Book, which is based on a revision, not to say a perversion, of Plato's famous myth of the charioteer in the *Phaedrus*, in which the horses are re-christened Selfhood and Breed, the individual and the social ("not as Plato fancied, one evil and one good: both are good"), under the control of Reason, the charioteer. But this promise of order is hardly fulfilled, for Bridges chooses instead to exercise one of the prerogatives of the elderly, and to indulge in a garrulous monologue unhandicapped by such limitations as logic or literary structure. The result is not a philosophy in poetry, but a great deal of poetry about

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philosophy. The poem's virtues, all critics agree, lie in the parts and not in the whole. For it must be confessed that Bridges was no profound or original speculative thinker. He listened well, and derived ideas from some of the seminal minds of his day, always expressing them in a vigorously personal fashion. For a Victorian classicist he kept in remarkable touch with contemporary science and politics. This gives to his poem a value as a sort of compendium of his epoch that a more original work would not be likely to possess. In it he says almost everything that comes into his mind about life (a good many dull and obscure things included), and not all his conclusions can be made to cohere, nor were they, perhaps, intended to.

This has produced great confusion among the critics, who have taken advantage of the situation to read into Bridges their own particular philosophies. Some have seen in the *Testament* nothing but pure Platonism. To others the poem smacks of Aristotle, or of the Stoic sages, or of their rivals the Epicureans. The pantheism of Spinoza has inescapably been brought to mind by many. Bridges has been claimed for orthodox Anglicanism (whatever that may be) by not a few; while others comment on his Neo-Paganism and hail him among the prophets of evolutionary materialism. Now without denying the justice of many of these claims or attempting to excuse the poet for the vague miscellaneousness which made them possible, I should like to suggest that the best key to the disputed underlying philosophy of the *Testament* may be found in Bridges' own statements, made a few years before the poem was written, about the works of his friend, the self-exiled Spanish-American poet-philosopher, George Santayana.

In the London *Mercury* for August, 1920, Bridges published a review of the book called *Little Essays*, made up of selections from Santayana's writings. In it he described the latter's philosophy very discerningly as "a building-up of idealism—that is, the supremacy of the imagination—on a naturalistic or materialistic basis . . . taking its most persuasive support from the idea of beauty." Bridges then added this most significant statement: "The philosophy (Santayana's), as I understand it, *is very consonant with my own thought:*[1] there is no pretence of hiding the unsolved riddle of life. The Sphinx lurks in all systems; different schools only hustle her

[1]Italics mine.—H. A. L.

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from pillar to post, and if she is to be driven into any corner where her presence is obvious, her best refuge is in the unsearchable atom . . . for whatever immaterial agency there may be, or even should we come to be convinced that all ultimate agency was immaterial, our minds would be unable to conceive of its mode of action except in material terms."

In the same review there is a possibly somewhat prophetic discussion by Bridges of Santayana's opinion "that it is the function of poetry to emotionalize philosophy; that the great poem must be the æsthetical exposition of a complete theory of human life, so far as that is understood; and that there is therefore at present a finer opportunity for a great poet than the world has hitherto offered." Bridges concludes that ". . . poetry will use philosophy rather than be used by it. But such a poem as Mr. Santayana desires and foretells, if ever it should be written, will necessarily be written by a great poet, and he will write good poetry." These lines were written about six years before the *Testament* was begun, and it would be interesting to know whether Bridges was led to undertake the writing of the poem as a fulfilment of his friend's prediction and wish.

Bridges, then, like Santayana whom he resembles in many intellectual and emotional particulars, is (if labels must be affixed) a naturalist intent upon vindicating the primacy of the ideal in the cosmic scheme of things that our arts and sciences reveal. His philosophic formula (if, again, we must resort to tags and slogans) is close to Santayana's famous "No ideal without a natural basis; nothing in nature without an ideal fulfilment." Both men, that is, see no valid human ideal that is super-natural in the sense of "not rooted in the natural basis of the physical world." And both hold, on the other hand, that it is only the possible "ideal fulfilments" of the physical world which give it the slightest abiding significance for mankind. Both, while under strong Platonic influences, have departed from Plato in the direction of Aristotle.

That this hypothesis of philosophical agreement between Bridges and Santayana is more than a mere literary construction from collated texts has been established since the first writing of these lines, by testimony quoted from the mouth of Bridges himself. Dr. Benjamin Rand, Librarian of the Department of Philosophy at Harvard, relates in a letter to the writer a conversation with Bridges on the

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subject of their mutual friend, Santayana, during which the poet took down volumes of *The Life of Reason* in Dr. Rand's presence and read passages which he considered parallel to parts of the *Testament.*

Perhaps we are now in a better position to resolve the contradictions of the critics by an elucidation of the central theme that binds together, after a fashion, the scattered arguments of the *Testament's* four books. It is the voicing of a positively youthful faith in the eventual hold of beauty upon the hearts of men. It is an attempt to "justify the ways of Nature to Man" by showing his long tutelage by beauty in the Life of Reason, that "complete organic activity in accordance with the ideal" which constitutes man's spiritual life. It can hardly be more compactly expressed than in the words of Odell Shepard:[1]

> He sees in Beauty the tireless guide that brings us back from our wanderings and entanglements in the ways of the flesh to the world of the Spirit, our true home. This is the pith of his poem—this assertion that we can accept without dismay or sense of loss the most apparently devastating conclusions of science, provided only that we do not lose hold of the clue of Beauty.

Dozens of passages might easily be cited, both from the *Testament* and from earlier works, in support of this interpretation. More than a half century ago, Bridges wrote in *The Growth of Love:*

> For beauty being the best of all we know
> Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
> Of nature, and on joys whose earthly names
> Were never told can form and sense bestow;
> And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
> The step of science; and against her shames
> Imagination stakes out heavenly claims,
> Building a tower above the head of woe.

And in the *Testament* we read such passages as these:

> Man's happiness, his flaunting honey'd flower of soul,
> is his loving response to the wealth of Nature.
> Beauty is the prime motiv of all his excellence,
>
> I, 120-22.

[1] *Robert Bridges* by Odell Shepard, *Bookman,* LXXI, 151–56. Excellent description and appreciation of Bridges' later years, to which the present article is indebted for many details.

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Beauty is the highest of all these occult influences,
the quality of appearances that thru' the sense
wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man:
And Art, as it createth new forms of beauty,
awakeneth new ideas that advance the spirit
in the life of Reason to the wisdom of God.

II, 842-47.

How Natur (as Plato saith) teacheth man by beauty,
and by the lure of sense leadeth him ever upward
to heav'nly things. . . .

III, 440-42.

. . . ther is no hope for man but to attune
nature's diversity to a human harmony,
and with faith in his hope and full courage of soul
realizing his will at one with all nature,
devise a spiritual ethic for conduct in life.

III, 825-29.

. . . as man groweth to find
his Will in Goddes pleasur, his pleasur in Goddes Will;
drawn to that happiness by the irresistible
predominant attraction, which worketh secure
in mankind's Love of Beauty and in the Beauty of Truth.

III, 1053-58.

In truth "spiritual animal" wer a term for man
nearer than "rational" to define his genus.

IV, 1132-33.

In all these excerpts there breathes a conviction that it is by the pathway of beauty, if at all, that man is to attain his spiritual destiny. Much the same faith is attributed to Santayana in a recent description by his former chief at Harvard, Professor George Herbert Palmer.

Æsthetics was his centre. A paraphrase of Tennyson's Prologue to the Palace of Art comes near to describing him:

A glorious being both in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind),

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> And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,
> Good only for its beauty.

It should hardly be necessary to add that the beauty of which Bridges and Santayana speak is not the vague concept flung about with such a pretty negligence by young lady novelists and essayists in weekly papers. These latter "nymphs of an industrial age" have been rebuked by Mr. Somerset Maugham in his recent satirical novel *Cakes and Ale:*

> I wonder if this clamour is anything more than the cry of distress of those who cannot make themselves at home in our heroic world of machines, and I wonder if their passion for beauty, the Little Nell of this shamefaced day, is anything more than sentimentality. It may be that another generation, accommodating itself more adequately to the stress of life, will look for inspiration not in a flight from reality, but in an eager acceptance of it.

Now sentimentality is the one thing which is foreign to Bridges and Santayana. Their beauty is in this world, and is only to be wooed and won by arduous and disciplined labor. It is true that they are traditionalists, and that the beauties which they actually discover may seem remote and exotic in our machine-infested cities. But there is nothing in their philosophy that commands escape or exoticism. It is rather the resolute facing of an existence that may become the Good Life because there can be beauty in it. Beauty is not the whole of life, or of philosophy. There are iron elements in the human scheme of things: the terrible necessities of the struggle for existence, and the conscience-searing demands of social justice. But these are not the crown of life. If there were no beauty in the world, they might be.

> But since [says Bridges] ther is beauty in nature,
> mankind's love of life
> apart from love of beauty is a tale of no count.
>
> III, 748-49.

There is, of course, much else besides this philosophy of beauty in Bridges' many-sided poem: descriptions and evaluations of intellect, evolution, democracy, instinct, asceticism, education, scepticism, religion, of ancient cultures and of modern machinery. No brief survey can possibly do justice to the richness of the table the poet has laid for us. Not that it is beyond criticism. As has already been hinted,

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there are stretches where the octogenarian nods, where the sense becomes elusive, and even where euphony gives way to dismal cacophony. The ideas expressed, it may also be conceded, are not especially new, but to a classicist that is hardly a defect. Those who expect a poet's passion for beauty to be wild, strange, and vehement will also be disappointed by the scholarly calm of this fastidious bard.

Where Bridges is genuinely vulnerable is in his lack of any discipline but self-discipline. This is his penalty for a too long residence in the ivory tower, too complete an isolation from persons unlike himself. As Odell Shepard has pointed out, he knew little of the give-and-take of social criticism, and therefore "came to feel rather naively that almost any idea entering his mind gains thereby a certain dignity." This gives what John Gould Fletcher calls "an air of irritating finality" to many of his dicta. But surely he is not alone among men in overestimating the worth of his own ideas.

More serious are the charges which may be brought against the whole cultural tradition which the *Testament* may be said to epitomize. With it the poem, as philosophy, will stand or fall, although as poetry it may, like the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost*, survive its philosophical demise. Perhaps, as the late D. H. Lawrence assured us, the Greek-Christian culture is corrupt and doomed to early extinction; or it may be that we are about to witness a rebirth of it. Possibly the *Testament of Beauty* is itself an indication that the best of our culture has come through the testing furnace of the War, a proof that "the personality of our century is slowly growing, after a set-back, to healthy completion." If this be so, then surely an honest philosophy like that of Santayana and Bridges that can enable our spiritual ideals to be understood and pursued in the natural world as our sciences reveal it, can only be most welcome.

As for Bridges, he is likely to remain a connoisseur's poet, and he will always be in danger of becoming the victim of a cult of snobs. In an age of democratic vulgarity and blatant self-exploitation, he exemplified the dignity of the artist and the justifiable pride of the true aristocrat. We may believe his ideas mistaken, and his particular ideals obsolete and unrealizable in our own environment. Yet we must recognize that he has spoken for a great tradition, capable of assuming many forms of expression, and that he would be the last to insist upon his own version of it as exclusively true or valuable. He

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has found in beauty unsearchable riches for man's spiritual development, and those who will listen to his testimony and share his discipline are in the way of making similar discoveries. They are not likely to form a large company. Whether or not the *Testament* is, as an enthusiastic critic in the *Yale Review* describes it, "the greatest poem of our life-time," it is too unsentimental to permit its being very widely known or well-loved. It adds one more proof of Spinoza's maxim: "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare." Its author was not seeking the applause of his age; he preferred to take its measure instead.

When he came back to Oxford to live just after being made poet laureate in 1913, some verses were published, identified only by the writer's initials, H. F. B. B. S., and with these we may close:

Loving the joy of earth, and well-belovéd,
  Home at the last he is come:
Home to the light of applause he has not sought for,
Now, with the wreath of a fame he never wrought for,
  England rewards her son.

The meadow-sweet, and streamlets of the Isis,
  Have had their poet long,
And the greater themes of high Hellenic story
He has touched again with a tender, mellowing glory,
  Master of Attic song.

O eagle-eyed, knowing the lofty music
  That Milton also knew,
Today the heart of the land with thee rejoices,
Hearing, far from the murmur of city voices,
  Thy magic known to few.

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Charade*

CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT
Professor of English, Harvard University

With apologies to the Prince of Charadists

Read at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Radcliffe College, May 31, 1929, an occasion saddened by the enforced absence of the principal figure.

MY first, a nobleman without a name,
His namelessness transmuted into fame.

My second is the sound the poplars make
What time the winds their whispering foliage shake.

Two-masted, square, able to brave the blast,
Those ships of old, which spell my third and last.

Noble his name, and nobler yet his soul,
His voice is far away;
No ship hath brought him to our festal day
Our well-belovèd whole.

*For answer see footnote on page 193.

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Patron Saints of Scholarship

HENRY WARD CHURCH
Professor of Romance Languages, Allegheny College

RECENTLY I made a pilgrimage to Upsala, Sweden, the site of the oldest and most important university in the Scandinavian peninsula, an institution founded just fifteen years before the discovery of America by Columbus. Here at Upsala, almost under the shadow of a beautiful Gothic cathedral, built of brick instead of the stone with which we are familiar in the great Medieval churches of Germany and France, is a great library.

The part of this building which interests us particularly is the historical museum. The walls are covered with maps which reconstruct for us the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII and the other great military leaders in the history of Sweden. The bookshelves contain many priceless examples of the earliest products of the printer's and bookbinder's art. Even more interesting than these are cases which contain the most splendid collection of autographs I have ever seen. In it are letters written by Descartes and Copernicus, creators of universes. There are autographs of Gustavus Adolphus and many other Swedish kings, along with letters from the hand of Wallenstein and the other great generals of the Thirty Years' War. A letter written by Charles IX tells how his young son, who was to become the great Gustavus Adolphus, killed his first bear when he was only eleven years of age, and incidentally almost lost his own life in doing so. And as a pleasing contrast with these timeworn documents, there is a letter in the handwriting of the greatest of modern Scandinavians, Henrik Ibsen, complaining that his plays are being printed in pirated editions.

The sacred relic, the priceless treasure, occupies the place of honor, a small glass cabinet near the entrance. It is a superb manuscript, richly bound in the finest silver, almost undecipherable because of its great age, for it came into existence only a few years after Alaric the Goth sacked Rome. It is none other than the famous Codex Argen-

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tius, the finest and most nearly complete of the few existing manuscripts of the Gothic Bible, which philologists recognize as the most important and in many respects the most remarkable work of translation in all history.

The story of how the Codex Argentius came to Upsala reads like a romance. Copied from the original of Wulfila by the patient and loving hand of an unknown Italian monk of the fifth century, it had already wandered as far as a monastery in Westphalia before its existence became known to scholars. Later it came into the possession of the Emperor Rudolph II and was transported to the city of Prague. Here it remained until the fall of the Hradschin in 1648. Already more than a thousand years old, it was presented by the victorious Graf Königsmark to Queen Christine of Sweden. But its wanderings were not yet ended. Only six years later it was stolen from the royal library. It soon reappeared in Holland, where the Swedish ambassador bought it, had it bound in the costliest silver, and again presented it to the Swedish queen, who gave it to the Upsala library, where it has been ever since and will probably remain for centuries to come, safely enshrined in that corner of Europe most distant from the Balkan peninsula where Wulfila performed his miracle of translation.

What, you may ask, is there so remarkable about this particular product of scholarly activity? For answer I suggest that those of you who have at times struggled with the simplest form of translation—the rendering of a passage from a modern foreign language into your own tongue—try to imagine the difficulties that confronted this half-Greek, half-barbarian Bishop of the Ostrogoths, in his efforts to provide a Bible that his barbarians, converts, and spiritual children could read. Their language had no literature, no written documents of any kind. In fact, it did not even possess an alphabet, and Wulfila had to begin his labors by inventing one, which he did by adopting a combination of Greek and runic characters. He made the barbarian Gothic a literary language; he molded its crude vocabulary, that hardly more than sufficed for the daily needs of a nomadic tribe, to express the delicate shades of meaning in the highly metaphysical Greek of the Apostle Paul. He translated nearly the whole Bible into Gothic before death stayed his hand. And like most inspired scholars, he builded better than he knew. He performed this stupendous task

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merely with the idea of helping his new converts to understand the religion they had adopted. But centuries after his race, and even his form of Christianity had disappeared from the face of the earth, his work became the cornerstone of a new science. But for Wulfila, philologists would still be groping in impenetrable darkness for definite proof of the real relationship between the Germanic languages, of which English is one, and Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and the myriads of other tongues which comprise the Aryan family. The Codex Argentius is thus almost as essential to the student of comparative linguistics as the famous Rosetta Stone is to the Egyptologist. Is it not fitting then that the modern scholar should regard this manuscript with as much veneration as the Medieval pilgrim felt for a bone or a lock of hair of some martyred saint?

But we are tarrying too long at this one shrine. Let us draw on our seven-league boots and make a long but swift journey to another library, this time the largest and finest in the modern world. Accustomed as we may be to the greatest American libraries, the accumulation of books, manuscripts, maps, and engravings to be found here exceeds anything we have heretofore imagined. The catalogs alone fill more volumes than are contained in some college libraries I have seen, and even so are so complicated that it requires long weeks of patient effort to master the art of using them satisfactorily.

We are at Paris, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. We have come, not to see the library itself, but one of the historical exhibits, a special collection assembled to commemorate one of the most important events in all the history of French scholarship and higher education, the founding in the year 1530 of the Collège de France.

The mere mention of the year 1530 transports us back to that golden age of erudition, the French Renaissance, the time of Francis I, of Rabelais, of Calvin, of Erasmus, of the charming Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, and of a host of giants of erudition too numerous to mention.

Let us turn our attention to one of these humanists, a man who is not so well known to us as are many of the great figures of the Renaissance. Guillaume Budé was the son of a wealthy family, recently ennobled, and spent the first twenty years or so of his life in carefree ease. His favorite sports were hunting and riding. He apparently had no intellectual interests. But a fortunate chance brought him into

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contact with a learned Greek refugee; he caught the inspiration of the new learning, and eventually became one of the foremost Hellenists of his day.

Budé was more than a scholar. He was courageous enough to stand apart from both the Catholic and Protestant factions and to denounce both the loose living of the court and the licentiousness of the clergy. More important still, he was a close friend of the king, the brilliant Francis I, the Father of Letters, the builder of Fontainebleau, the monarch who dazzled the world at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and who gave to the French court a brilliance which had never before been achieved and which was to be surpassed only during the golden age of Louis XIV. History is rather severe in judgment of Francis I. He was frivolous and licentious, and his whole reign was a series of political and military blunders; he impoverished the realm and led French armies to inglorious defeat. But he had the good fortune to reign in the most brilliant period of a brilliant century; he had a profound interest in the new learning and the new art; he protected men like Rabelais and Benvenuto Cellini; and above all, he founded the Collège de France.

As early as 1520 Budé had interested the king in the establishment of a new institution of learning, and at the mere rumor of the project all the humanists of the realm experienced a thrill of joy. But the disastrous Battle of Pavia and the captivity of the king himself postponed the realization of the scheme, and it was not until ten years later that the Collège de France, or the *lecteurs royaux*, as the group of professors was originally called, became a reality.

At first these *lecteurs royaux* were only four in number, two for Hebrew and two for Greek. Erasmus was invited to become the head of the institution, but he refused. New subjects were gradually added, the first of these being mathematics and Latin, which appeared within a few years after the royal lecturers were first organized. The new institution was built entirely of men, not of stones, for not until a much later period was a building of any kind provided. The *lecteurs royaux* were for a long time entirely dependent upon the generosity of other colleges for the use of lecture rooms.

In spite of this handicap the success of the new movement was enormous and immediate. Some of the most learned humanists of the kingdom became its professors, and among those who sat at their feet

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were such men as Calvin, Ronsard, Rabelais, and Ignace de Loyola. It is not the purpose of the present paper to relate the history of the Collège de France from 1530 to 1931. We will simply note that the growth of the institution has been consistent and steady, the present Collège de France, one of the greatest glories of the system of higher education in France, being the direct continuation of the humble beginnings just described. For our present purpose the most significant fact about the Collège de France is that during these four hundred years of history it has always remained true to the ideals which inspired its founding. It is to these ideals that we must now turn.

It was not because of the lack of an institution of higher learning in Paris that Francis I organized the *lecteurs royaux*. In 1530 the Sorbonne not only existed but wanted a bare two decades of being as old as Harvard University is today. It had its traditions and its prejudices. It was already a vested interest. It was consistently and incurably conservative, as it still is. A century before the day of Francis I the Sorbonne had vigorously demanded the execution of Joan of Arc. It was the animating spirit of all the religious persecutions. Centuries later, within the memory of many of us, the Sorbonne joined with the other pillars of French society in approving the condemnation of the innocent Captain Dreyfus. Just as only a few years ago the catalog of its library did not contain the name of Zola, so in the time of Francis I the university was not only indifferent but actually hostile to everything connected with the new humanism of the Renaissance. The Sorbonne, then as now, was dedicated to the teaching of the accumulated learning of the past, not to the reception of new ideas or to the development of new movements or new sciences.

The Collège de France was therefore not founded to parallel the Sorbonne, or indeed to supplement it, but in actual opposition to it. Small wonder then that the humanists of France hailed it with exclamations of joy. The hostility of the Sorbonne explains why the *lecteurs royaux* began their organized existence so quietly and inconspicuously. It also explains why a chair of Latin was not immediately included in the new program, this branch already figuring prominently in the curriculum of the Sorbonne. But the vested interests were not caught napping. As early as 1534 a violent attack was made by the theologians of the Sorbonne against the lecturers on Hebrew and Greek at the Collège de France. The latter had dared to interpret

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the Scriptures from the original tongues, whereas the Sorbonne not only claimed a monopoly on the right of interpreting the Bible but insisted that the final authority must remain in the Latin Vulgate. The doctors of the university appealed to the *parlement*, the *parlement* referred the case to the king, and Francis had the courage and the consistency to decide in favor of the accused *lecteurs royaux*, thus indicating clearly enough to the Sorbonne that further attacks on the new institution would be useless.

Freedom is the keynote of all the ideals which from the beginning have grown into the very fiber of the Collège de France. Its lectures were open to all who cared to attend, with no charge for tuition; its professors were chosen from among all those who might have the requisite knowledge and ability, regardless of whether they had university degrees or training; most important of all, its professors from the beginning enjoyed that greatest of blessings, academic freedom. It was the intention of Guillaume Budé and Francis I that the *lecteurs royaux* should be free in their investigations of new sciences, free in their lectures, and free in their opinions. Think what this meant in an age when persecution and intolerance were rampant, and when France was torn asunder by religious and civil wars.

Of course, when a king, particularly a king like Francis I, talks about freedom of opinions and of speech, we must not interpret his words too literally. It is very likely that the gay Francis meant freedom to hold and express opinions that happened to coincide with his own. It is doubtful if even Erasmus or Budé envisaged what we would today call complete academic freedom. But at the time this doctrine exactly suited the desires of Francis I. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his interest in the new learning. Freedom of investigation and teaching meant for him the cultivation of the new humanities and the arts, or from another point of view, the curbing of the despotic and autocratic power of the Sorbonne, things which the frivolous monarch earnestly desired.

But whether Francis meant exactly what he said or not, the *lecteurs royaux* assumed that he did and acted accordingly. A surprising degree of freedom of speech has characterized the Collège de France from that day to this. Particularly in the early days of the institution it required courage, in spite of the support of the king. And the successors of the genial Francis were not always so helpful. Imagine the

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perils of academic freedom under Catherine de Medici, organizer of the St. Bartholomew massacre. That such freedom had its perils is well shown by an incident that took place on the occasion of this general slaughter of the Huguenots. At that time Pierre Ramus, a celebrated philosopher, was a professor at the Collège de France. His philosophical opinions were in violent contradiction to the philosophy of Aristotle. His anti-Aristotelian utterances had brought upon him the bitter enmity of a certain Charpentier, also a professor at the Collège de France, and a rabid disciple of Aristotle. So violent did this philosophical quarrel become, such bitter hatred did it engender, that on the third day of the massacre Charpentier took advantage of the general slaughter to hire assassins who put to death the unfortunate Ramus. And so Ramus has become a sort of official martyr of the Collège de France, a martyr to the cause of academic freedom.

In spite of all difficulties that have arisen under the procession of governments that have succeeded each other in France during the last four centuries, the Collège de France has remained essentially what it was at the very start, a haven for scholars who work for the future and not for the past, a place where freedom of research and freedom of speech are glorious traditions. Among its professors have been, and still are, many of the most illustrious names in French science and letters. Outstanding among these are the scientists Berthelot and Claude Bernard, the historian Michelet, and the famous orientalist Ernest Renan.

We must pause for a moment at this last name, and for a double reason: first, because it reminds us painfully that even at the Collège de France academic freedom is only a relative term; second, because Renan had much to do with the present organization of the institution. He was first appointed to the chair of Hebrew in 1862, an appointment which was made only after violent opposition from the Catholic party. When in his opening lecture he referred to Jesus as "an incomparable man" his course was immediately suspended and then definitely suppressed. It was not until 1870 that he was allowed to lecture again, but after this there was no further trouble, and Renan continued to occupy the chair of Hebrew until his death in 1892.

Renan held very clear-cut ideas regarding the respective functions of the Collège de France and the Université. "Let the Sorbonne," he wrote, "continue to have as its principal objective the spreading of

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acquired truth, of scientific knowledge already established, but let us not sacrifice to this legitimate need those sciences which are in the making or that teaching whose principal aim is the discovery of new results. Let the Collège de France become again what it was in the sixteenth century, and what it has been at various times since then, the great center of scientific activity, the ever open laboratory to which the public is admitted to see how scholars work, how one paves the way for new discoveries, how one tests them and verifies them. Interesting or merely instructive courses have no place there. There can be no question of an organized program. Even the framework of the college should vary constantly. Save for a certain number of professorships which always have their *raison d'être*, the titles of chairs should be mobile, corresponding to the tasks of each new day. Imaginary symmetry should not be observed, nor should it be insisted that all branches of learning be represented."

In another passage Renan insists that the professors must be under no restraint of any kind, either pressure from without or the necessity of preparing students for degrees or examinations, because, as he says, "the first condition that science requires to bear fruits is freedom."

Naturally the Collège de France in the course of four full centuries has been reorganized many times. The latest changes in its by-laws were made in 1911, and it was in the spirit of Renan's ideal program that these changes were made. A glance at a few of the main points will be enlightening. The Collège de France has long been one of the most completely autonomous institutions of higher learning in the world. The assembly, or governing body, consists of the professors exclusively. The decree of 1911 directs that honorary professors and lecturers in charge of supplementary courses should be called in for advice but without voting power. This assembly elects the chief administrative officer, the *administrateur*. The present incumbent is M. Joseph Bédier, the most distinguished of French literary critics and historians, and a member of the French Academy. The assembly also elects new professors, with some outside advice, it must be admitted.

The procedure in case of a vacancy in the faculty is interesting, and shows clearly how the institution keeps fully abreast of the times. If a professor dies, or resigns, his chair is automatically abolished and the funds which were allotted to it released. The assembly then

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makes an investigation of the intellectual and scientific needs of the day, decides in what field these funds may be most profitably employed, and on that basis appoints the new professor. The field in which his predecessor has worked is given no priority whatever in determining the needs of the institution. Thus there is that almost perfect mobility of the framework of the Collège that Renan advocated.

A hint as to why the professorships at the Collège de France are so highly prized is given by the rule regarding the number of lectures expected from each professor. The old rule required two a week, with a minimum of forty each year. This requirement has been abolished. Now the professor has merely to announce to the assembly the program of his course for the following year, indicating the number of lectures he desires to give. No longer is a scholar engaged in absorbing research hampered in his work by being compelled to prepare and deliver two lectures a week. This lack of annoying restrictions on the professors is also indicated by the rule that no professor may secure a substitute to replace him for more than five years in succession, and that if he has not lectured for five years he must actually teach for that length of time before he is entitled to more leave. Further examples are not needed to show that out of the dream of Guillaume Budé has grown an institution which is a veritable paradise for the productive scholar.

Of course it is not accurate to draw such a sharp distinction as the above picture would imply between the Collège de France and the Sorbonne. The latter is not devoted exclusively to routine teaching and the preparation of students for examinations, nor is it manned by professors who have no scholarly aspirations and do no original work. And on the other hand, perfect freedom of research and expression does not always exist at the Collège de France. The case of Renan is sufficient proof of this. As long as human nature is what it is, academic freedom can be only relative, not absolute. Scholars who are too many years ahead of their time will doubtless continue to be persecuted in spite of anything that kings or colleges can do. Both kinds of scholarship are interrelated, and neither could long exist without the other. But after making all necessary allowances the two types continue to stand out in sharp contrast, and it is the spirit of the Collège de France and not of the Sorbonne that has given to the world

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our greatest scholars, men like Aristotle, Galileo, Erasmus, and the host of others whose names we all revere.

In France these two ideals find their concrete expression in separate institutions of learning. In America this is not the case. Our colleges and universities must assume the double task of passing on to our students what is already known and of discovering new truth. Perhaps it is well that it is so. These two functions cannot be mutually exclusive. Many of the greatest scholars have also been great teachers, not because they taught facts to their students, but because they inspired them with the spirit and vision which make real scholarship possible. But not all teachers can inspire. Neither can all students be inspired. Personally I believe that even under the best teaching only a very small percentage of our present-day college population could ever be transformed into creative scholars. It should be one of our primary objectives to discover these chosen few and offer them both opportunity and guidance.

I have taken you from one corner of Europe to another, and from the days of Alaric the Goth to our own. But whether it appears on the surface or not, I have assembled all this material with a single purpose. I have tried to indicate a definite ideal for Phi Beta Kappa —the perfect scholar. May I in conclusion be permitted to summarize the chief qualities with which I would endow this mythical personage? He should be conceived in that spirit of intellectual honesty and alertness to new ideas that have always been the ideal of the Collège de France; he should have the insatiable thirst for ultimate truth of a Faust, and his unswerving devotion to the pursuit of it; he should possess the painstaking accuracy, the sureness of method, and the infinite capacity for work of a Wulfila; the vision and practical acumen of a Guillaume Budé; and the gentle patience under persecution of a Renan.

. . .

Answer to charade on page 183:
Le Baron Russell Briggs, formerly Professor of English and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard College; author of *Pegasus Perplexing* (Charades in Verse). The Viking Press, New York.

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Scholars in the Horseless Age

ALBERT HOWE LYBYER
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IN the golden days of Greece scholars existed and were accounted a modest recognition. The inference may be permissible that scholars can exist today, and that while among undergraduates and "Babbitts" they may not attain the exalted fame or the substantial rewards of a "Red Grange" or a "Babe Ruth," they may reach a secure and mildly honored place, while an occasional one may hope to extend his influence onward through centuries or even through a millennium or two.

The world has possessed scholars in many lands and for a long time. Nevertheless, in America today it is particularly hard to become and to remain a scholar. To understand why this is true one must endeavor to comprehend what it is to be a genuine scholar. We have the word from the Greeks, whom we call an ancient people. Nevertheless they came into a very old world and they thought themselves a new and modern people. Perhaps the first scholar, millenniums before the Greek age, was the first intelligent man or woman who by some good fortune or unusual capacity could spare a little time from hunting, fighting, and working in order to remember and to think. Such a phenomenal person, one may conjecture, would hardly have escaped destruction at the hands of the fundamentalists of the time unless he showed himself apparently useful by acting as sorcerer, priest, or king. Much may be imagined from the three stages of meaning of the Greek word—leisure, lecture, and school. An individual becomes possessed of leisure. He may use it for mere vegetation—for mere enjoyment of the flight of time. Not thus will he become a scholar. But if he is possessed of intellectual energy, if he asks when, why, how, and wherefore, if he seeks to *know*, then his leisure may become productive, and he may become a scholar. Presently he may know so much that others are willing to listen to him—albeit occasionally and for a limited time. Then the scholar becomes a lecturer. By-and-by shrewd older people conclude that what they profit from occasionally might be regularized for the occupation and instruction of the unemployed and unruly young—and then leisure

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has become a school, the scholar has become a teacher. But from that day until now the two ends of the series have been at war: how can the scholar preserve his productive leisure and at the same time teach school?

Scholars appear to be desired today. Far and wide we hear the demand for investigators and research workers; young students are encouraged by prizes and older ones by "scholarships" and "fellowships." The marks A and 100 per cent, "honors," "high honors," "special honors," inscription on bronze tablets, election to Phi Beta Kappa—these are some of the rewards offered. But most of these are for incipient scholars. How is it with the mature?

Here one must inquire what after all it means to be a genuine scholar. In the jargon of today the question may perhaps best be stated: What is the object of research? The answer comes: To enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. Now this is far from easy, since it means to find, not some truth which transcends the present knowledge of an individual or a group, but one which is not yet known to any of the sons of men. How does one proceed if he proposes to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge? By setting himself to some intellectual task that is presumed to be promising. Start out on some road—it matters little what, provided it leads toward the horizon—and keep on, with industry, courage, and hope. If fortunate as well as able, one may cross a boundary line into new territory. Despite the fact that the present is a very practical age, it is regarded as of no consequence whether the new discovery has any apparent value. Even the most commercial are willing to say that the process is worth while because the experience of the past has shown that sometimes the new truth turns out to have a cash value. For instance, a "rare earth" is proved to contain among other things, a very small quantity of a substance hitherto unknown. Great honor is done to all connected with the identification, and reflected honor shines upon their university and their nation; aye, it is even felt that the dignity of all mankind has been raised by this further proof of its abilities. The case is similar with a new literary form or product, a new rule of political science, a new aspect of history. Such discoveries are the scholar's aim, and when made, the present age awards distinction as perhaps none before has done.

This being true, why is it not easy to become and to remain a

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scholar in America now? Because in our practical, mechanical, democratic age, the scholar is urged in a thousand ways to be many other things: teacher, administrator, lecturer, traveller, householder, parent, business man, sportsman, moralist, reformer, prophet, citizen, legislator, statesman—sometimes even president of the nation. Aside from all this his own special scholarly work has been so broadened, deepened, expanded, and developed in technique as often to grow far beyond the grasp of a single human mind and to require either syndicated organization or the limitation of effort to a very small area.

Let us examine a little more closely some of the additional capacities in which the present-day scholar is expected to act, and first of all that of teacher. A committee chosen from the faculty and students of a great neighboring university once prepared a "List of Qualities Desirable in Instructors in Elementary Courses Conducted by the Lecture-Discussion Method." This list contains five heads, thirty-four sub-heads, and nineteen further subdivisions. A rapid examination of these "desirable qualities" shows that they involve both teaching and administration. The teacher, among other things, should select material effectively, organize the sequence of topics clearly, emphasize properly, and point out relationships between his subject and all other subjects; he should get the point of view of the students, stimulate their intellectual curiosity, plan their daily work carefully, explain clearly, discuss with skill (five sub-heads), direct study habits, and make satisfactory assignments. The personal qualities demanded of such a teacher include the following: interest in subject, interest in teaching, sympathetic attitude, tact, sense of humor, accessibility, self-reliance, attractiveness. On the administrative side the teacher must measure the results of instruction by written tests, which should be frequent, thorough, conducted by up-to-date methods, and yet "reasonably brief"; he should return the written work with constructive criticisms. He should give due attention to marking; he must arrange the seating of students in the class room, watch the lighting and temperature, and record attendance; all these things must be done promptly and efficiently. The teacher must promote his own professional development: by keeping up-to-date in the literature of his subject, by endeavoring to improve his methods, by following changes in general educational methods, and by attending meetings of the ever-increasing associations of

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teachers. He must also keep in touch with colleagues in his department and his institution; he must co-operate with the faculty and the administration by service on committees and otherwise; and he must assist in the solution of the "more general problems of university policy and organization." Remember that the teacher described is an instructor in an elementary course.

Now I do not propose to quarrel with this characterization in any respect. In its entirety it sketches forth in masterly outline the figure of the perfect teacher. It does not forget that sometimes he has recollections of his development out of the original scholar. One of the thirty-four sub-heads reads as follows: "Devoting systematically a reasonable portion of time to acquiring new knowledge." But actually this "List of Qualities" is a full program of life—nay, in its perfection the life of a "superman." And how can one who is incited towards such a multiplicity of intricate duties find the time or maintain the habit of mind necessary to being a genuine scholar? Need one be surprised to hear an English observer say: "The very wide diffusion of higher education in the United States is compensated for by its often indifferent quality"? The American scholar is as a rule supported by teaching, and it is desirable that he should become a perfect teacher. It is a fair question to ask whether the perfect teacher can be a scholar at all. All these conditions become constantly worse with the rapidly increasing number of students in our colleges and universities. This may necessitate the organization of large courses, three hundred, six hundred, twelve hundred, three thousand students, all studying the same subject at the same time, and all expected to be granted the same quantity and quality of teaching. The matter is not at all helped from the standpoint of the desire of the scholar to retain some productive leisure, by the introduction of methods borrowed from successful American business. The teacher is expected to turn out an ever increasing number of mechanically perfect "student-hours"; he should do this at a constantly diminishing cost per unit; he should devise methods of checking and controlling the efficiency of the process and the perfection of the product. Not only must a scholar-teacher-administrator report on the attendance and the scholarship and the character of his students, but he must report his own time by percentages and his productivity by the number of words.

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Time does not permit the elaboration of the many other possible functions of the scholar. Let us pass some of them rapidly in review. The erstwhile scholar may be placed in the position of head of a department, dean, or university president. Aside from direct professional duties, he may serve the public of his own city and elsewhere by acting in the capacity of lecturer within his chosen field. He is becoming more and more a traveller, in order to attend conventions of his colleagues, confer on educational subjects, visit libraries, seek out deposits of material, and observe the scenes of past developments in his subject.

The scholar, man or woman, must be to some degree or other a householder; he has to attend to the details of his own economic life; the present world provides at many points less and less of the automatic organization of personal services; if the scholar does not launder his garments, he must at least keep count of them; he may have to cook his breakfast, mow his lawn, and feed his furnace. I may not here digress into a discussion of the question of the scholar-teacher's income, and his provision for his family and for his old age: suffice it to say that he must to no small degree maintain his own stand against the possible buffetings of fortune.

Not every scholar is called upon necessarily to function as moralist, reformer, or prophet; nevertheless almost everyone feels more or less pressure from the community to serve in these directions; directly or indirectly one is expected to recompense society for support, in whatever way it may be provided, by serving as leader and torch bearer. Finally the scholar is more and more expected to do his duty as a citizen, whether as a more or less passive voter or as an adviser or office holder. With all its crudities and corruptions, democracy requires increasing participation from its members, and requests of them services more or less proportioned to their privileges.

A few words may be said as regards the scholar's relationship to the joy of living. No longer is he expected to be meagre, stooped, and "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Public opinion permits him to own and use an automobile, to possess and listen to a "radio," to go on "hikes," or on longer summer expeditions to the mountains or the seaside or the wilds; he may not only sometimes play tennis and golf, but also indulge himself to a moderate extent with cards and billiards; he may even dance, or at least chaperon dances. All this

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makes it much pleasanter to be a scholar than sometimes in Medieval days, when the learned monk, clad in rough clothing, and nourished by coarse food, worked in an unheated cell, with an imperfect light, amid rigidly restricted opportunities for recreation and social companionship. Present conditions preserve the scholar's health for more years of service, and improve his capacity for communicating the results of his labors to his fellows. But they constitute a genuine danger. The pleasurable opportunities of life today are perhaps more threatening to genuine scholarship than all the increasingly complex intellectual functions that are urged upon scholars. After all, the latter belong in the same group of activities with the central desire to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge, while society and recreation threaten to lead the scholar away into a lotus land of sweet forgetfulness.

The "horseless age," be it said in justice, is far from presenting mere obstruction to the aims of the genuine scholar. He can today proceed with far less fatigue and loss of time on necessary journeys. He finds already collected the books and materials whose acquisition wasted the years of scholars of old. He can meet and correspond with his co-laborers with miraculous ease. The administrative machinery which irks him when he is obliged to supervise it can often serve him amazingly in the pursuit of his researches. Like laborers in other fields, he can in a given time produce far more of his own specialty than his predecessors in simpler and calmer days.

Confronted by the duties and enticed by the allurement of twentieth century civilization in America, how shall the scholar proceed if he would save himself and preserve the time-honored tradition of his craft? He must provide himself with leisure, and he must make that leisure productive. All this is largely a matter of self-control, of properly directed will. To a genuine scholar the pursuit of new knowledge must be the first consideration in his life. His few mortal hours must be jealously conserved. Non-scholarly avocations and diversions must be assigned a strictly limited place, and kept there unmercifully. Semi-scholarly duties like teaching must also be kept under close control. Very probably the scholar should always be something of a teacher; thus he will keep his own mind youthful and alert; but he must remain primarily a learner or he will cease to be a scholar. Having by stern self-denial and courteous refusal set off a

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portion of his life as leisure, the scholar must fill this space with the pursuit of truth. Now truth that is known to others but new to him may be valuable and important. The acquisition of such is sufficient to constitute a highly satisfactory life. But the men and women whose names will live as genuine scholars—perhaps the number of such must always be comparatively few—are those who encamp near the outer boundary of the known, and fearlessly and tirelessly explore beyond the frontier. Such high achievement remains distinctly possible, even in America now.

In Defense of the Small Group

MARY L. MAROT

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THE Junior College in the Eastern region, so thickly populated with educational institutions of power and authority, is at present unencumbered with endowment, numbers, tradition or popularity. Accepting this freedom, the Junior College (so badly named) should be able to cultivate the virtues of the obscure, and through uninterrupted quiet, work out its problems of education. It is the purpose of this paper to set forth one such development in a small, highly centered group bent upon testing in practice the principle of the virtue of truth applied without equivocation in our present life.

If the old order was based too much on rules, the new order is in danger of being based too much on individual opinion. The experiment then is this: To regard originality as limited; to form opinion rather on the belief that truth and beauty are based on ultimate reality; that all education is an effort to realize this absolute truth and beauty in creation and in conduct; that there is, therefore, a logic of action and of thought; that these implications may be worked out in health, social happiness, the creation of timeless standards and the ability, on the basis of this fundamental structure, to manifest individual creation.

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Further theory involves the belief that it is better to grow without compulsory restraint, not as a matter of indulgence but of philosophy; that surrounding educational effort there should be an environment of natural beauty; that knowledge and power can be achieved only through intimate acquaintance with ageless wisdom as it is expressed in literatures, the arts, philosophy, religion, and nature and that it is the peculiar province of the college to conserve this wisdom. Two or four or six years devoted to such a pursuit is very brief and leaves little time for self-indulgence but much time for the cultivation of the resources of happiness.

Perhaps most educational units set before them some such ideal, but it is possible that only in small integrated groups can this idea be held without respect to considerations of divergent views. The small group may set this problem:

We believe in the desire of the individual to grow. We believe that growth is toward an absolute good, an absolute truth, an absolute beauty. We believe that educational institutions are established for the purpose of leading young people a short way in the direction of this realization. We believe that just as certain ideas and acts are appropriate to certain environments and others unfit, so certain ideas and acts are appropriate to the environment of education and others unfit; that students may voluntarily let the lesser gods go, secure in the knowledge that should they desire them they will not have escaped, since they, like the other poor, are always with us.

It is not possible to particularize without entering the field of casuistry. It has, however, been proved over and over by the wisdom of the past that achievement of coherence in the social life is possible and that the enjoyment of the enduring satisfactions does not cause staleness, either intellectual or social, but that interest in the individual is quickened by that individual's resources and that the search for truth commands allegiance in every state of being.

The self-training of a group allowed much freedom of choice and assuming a corresponding responsibility, is a work of constant concentration and faith. It is possible nevertheless so to unify the purpose that harmony of effort is a great incentive to growth. Students thus trained will have a knowledge of the past and will absorb for their own future and the future of the country an understanding that will make them patrons and critics of an expanding culture.

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The Educational Value of Beauty

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

AGAIN we confront a time, periodical in world history, when all things become fluid, impermanent, insecure, so presaging the end of one era, the beginning of another, obedient to that mysterious law whereby, like the division of days or the life of man, an era comes to birth, grows to maturity, crests in fulfillment of its natal promise, declines in slackening vigor, and finally comes to an end. This seems to have been the undeviating course of history from the Old Kingdom of Egypt, Crete, and Mesopotamia, through Greece, Rome, Byzantium, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, down to our modern age. By some equally inexplicable law, these "days," so to speak, of social vitality, run to about five centuries in length, though each national or social unit is granted a varying number from the eight or nine of Egypt to the two or three of such as Greece or France or Spain. We ourselves, here in America, are finishing our first. Shall we go on to another and yet another, or shall we join with those ephemeral states whose whole history lasts but five hundred years?

Against my natural inclinations and, I fear, notorious custom I must try to stick to my text. Therefore I shall not elaborate on those evidences that we indeed are involved, with the rest of the world, in a phase of decline and change that, in obedience to law, must be accomplished before the end of the century, since the era of modernism began with the Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the democratic upheaval—the three component parts of the *élan vital* that brought the Middle Ages to an end and initiated the new world and that therefore must accomplish itself within its allotted time which already has extended to a space of nearly four hundred and fifty years. Perhaps it is not necessary. The decade that has passed since the end of the Great War has been prolific of revelation, and the last three years have enforced the evidences and made all so clear that it is hard to see how anyone can be blind to the implications of the ominous events that have crowded so close—the general questioning

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and abandonment of old standards that had served for four centuries; the wide, indeed universal failure of democratic, parliamentary government; the breakdown of industrial civilization, carrying with it capitalism and the system of mass-production; the progressive abandonment of an age-old scheme of personal ethics, honored, even if imperfectly enforced; the turning of the vast new forces and energies deriving from intensive scientific discovery and abnormal inventiveness into agencies not for better life but for quicker and more comprehensive death.

All these things that in my youth some fifty years ago were undreamed of, were in fact unthinkable, are now commonplaces and at last when it may be too late (the point is debatable) we begin to realize their import, and some few even to forecast their possible deadly result. Yet, so far as saving action is concerned, the prescribing of the prophylactic against the recognized disease, the indication of the measures to be taken for safeguard of the future, it must be admitted that thus far all is confusion and uncertainty. Of facile panaceas and plausible nostrums there are more than enough, but as there is no harmony amongst them and no general, even measurable acceptance, so none is more than a temporary palliative more dangerous in the end than the malady itself. The financiers and the men of "big business" are stunned by the issue of their works and halt, cognizant and apprehensive, but incapable of suggesting any valid remedy. Is their case any different from that of the politician, the philosopher, the religious leader, the educator? The legislators of Europe and America go on from folly to folly, by their myopic devices adding fuel to the spreading conflagration. Philosophers, confronted by the ignominious downfall of that scheme of progressive evolution by which they had lived for fifty years and that was in itself a fruitful source of that optimism and self-confidence that were largely responsible for bringing into being the state of affairs that now confronts us, take refuge in the abstractions of higher mathematics and the "fourth dimension," engaging postulates that have about as much applicability to the present case as Nero's musical divertisements to the fire that was consuming Rome. Like Sir James Jeans they appear to have come to the conclusion that we know nothing and can know nothing, least of all do anything about these phenomena that after all may be only a phantasm of unreality, so falling back on

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the practical nihilism of Bishop Berkeley. The Protestant religion which sponsored the early growth of modernism takes over the already discredited methods of high-power advertising and endeavors to meet the threat of a dissolving religious interest amongst the mass of the people by an adaptation of jazz, the révue, the movie, and the tabloid to the fancied tastes of dwindling congregations, while at the same time its adherents are busying themselves with the morals of their neighbors and endeavoring to remake them more to their desire by legislative edict and new and oppressive sumptuary laws. As for the educator, probably the most sincere and serious-minded of all, after a joy-ride through innumerable ingratiating and highly plausible novelties he finds himself in the *cul-de-sac* of specialization and functional training from which there is no exit and which, in itself, bears no remote resemblance to the Cave of Adullam. Witness the chapters on the American university in Dr. Flexner's astonishing latest volume. Some months ago there was held, at Rollins College in Florida, a conference of some twenty of the leading educators of America under the leadership of Dr. John Dewey. There was unanimous agreement that the existing educational system failed absolutely in training youth to meet the real problems of life and was therefore fundamentally wrong in principle. On the other hand there was little agreement as to what these "real problems of life" were and none at all as to how the educational system should be changed to meet them, assuming that in time their nature might be determined—all of which was not very encouraging to those who, discouraged by the futility of the cerebrations of business-men, politicians, philosophers and preachers, turned, as they naturally should, to the professor and the instructor for guidance in the dark places of the present age.

Now I do not wish to add another to the lengthening list of panaceas, far less to propose a cure-all to take their place. I do, however, ask your tolerance for what I do seriously hold to be at least one possible aid towards testing some aspects of the civilization that has now involved itself in such a mess, perhaps even towards certain of those steps we may have to take in order to escape.

This same civilization of ours, distinct though it is in its peculiar methods and manifestations from its predecessors, is not an isolated phenomenon, cut off from all historic past. At base it is all the same with Tyre and Thebes, Athens and Rome, Venice, Paris, London,

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and Toledo—precisely as man, as man, is just the same today as he was in the time of the Old Kingdom of Egypt or the T'ang dynasty in China. Man has not added one cubit to his stature in the six thousand years since the paleolithic beast turned into the neolithic *homo sapiens*. Values and the tests of value are today what they always have been. Morals and manners suffer endless vicissitudes, but these are only ripples on the surface; underneath the great tide does not change.

If this is so, and I think that many are now coming to realize its truth, now that the nineteenth-century dogmas of progressive evolution, conservation of energy, and the survival of the fittest are showing thin and ragged, there is one fact that emerges from the six-thousand-year sequence that may be useful to us. It is indeed a fact that from the dawn of the first great cultures in Egypt, Crete, and Mesopotamia every high civilization in the long sequence has loved beauty, striven towards its creation, often with supreme success, and deliberately expressed itself in terms of beauty; every one—except our own. Even here, when modernism came in at the close of the Middle Ages, the old passion for beauty continued for a time, and though the Protestant revolution aimed at the destruction of all beauty, and succeeded to admiration, the Renaissance followed in a certain hectic splendor that rapidly burned itself out, dying away in the ashen grayness of the eighteenth century, music alone lingering on through the last century to fade in its turn during the first decade of this. It is a significant if not an ominous fact that from 1830 to 1880, a full fifty years, beauty, so far as it expressed itself in the forms of art, was absolutely non-existent in America, and, but for music and poetry, almost equally so in Europe. Even in the Dark Ages after the fall of Rome men did not instinctively like ugliness as they did in this terrible time, or worship it as the protagonists of "modern" art do today.

Unless there was in this passion for, and creation of beauty, some essential rightness, something that lay at the very roots of civilization itself, it could not have continued coterminous with man's history as it has done beyond the possibility of contradiction. Conversely, in the equal fact that now for just a century this passion for beauty and power to create it has been non-existent (except for the few who stood out in revolt amongst their negligent kind), there is the unmistakable evidence that there is something fundamentally wrong with

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the modern age, unless indeed the cultures of Egypt and Greece and the Middle Ages were themselves wrong. And that is unthinkable.

Let me enter here a caveat. In speaking of beauty I do not mean solely that thing which has been made visible or audible through the so-called "Fine Arts": the sculpture of Aegina, Olympia, Praxiteles; the painting of Giotto, Tintoretto, Memling, Velasquez; the poetry of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; the architecture of Greece, Byzantium, the cathedral builders; the music of Bach, Wagner, Brahms, Debussy. "These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play," but the quality of beauty and the test of beauty go into the widest fields of human thought, emotion and action. There are philosophies of life that are beautiful and those that are ugly; there are social systems of which the same is true, and political organisms, industrial organisms; above all, religions. Take your test of beauty to the materialistic philosophy of Adam Smith or to that of Nietzsche, or of Puritanism; to the industrial system of England in the early nineteenth century, or to that of Soviet Russia today; to the political organism of any modern country you please—including our own; to the religion of Calvin or John Knox or Methodist and Baptist "boosters" of certain sections of contemporary America. How do these things show in the light that shines on them from a past that knew beauty and, though haltingly, often imperfectly, made life and the things of life, as well as they could, in its image?

I am anxious even to separate this consideration from the field of esthetics. Art is not a product, it is a result, and it follows from sane and wholesome and joyful and beautiful life, but it is the life behind that is the essential thing, not the manifestation.

It is, I think, true to say that life, as generally lived today under those conditions which have been progressively developing for four hundred years, is unbeautiful in itself and therefore incapable of producing significant beauty. Our philosophies and our religions, where they are new, are as ugly as our political systems and our capitalistic, high-power industrialism, advertising, and salesmanship; therefore our life is hampered by ugliness of environment—where we have made it for ourselves—and degraded by the ugliness of current mental and spiritual conceptions.

The question I ask, therefore, is not how we may produce bigger and better art, and more of it. It is whether this factor of beauty

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which is the substance of art may not be used as a measure for testing the elements that make up our contemporary civilization and as a force that, brought to bear on life, may aid in making of it something better than it is at present, and this particularly in connection with that formal education which accompanies the most formative years. Let me at once guard myself against any inference from what I say that I mean added courses in esthetics and the history of art or the "appreciation of the fine arts." I have the greatest doubts of the possibility of "teaching" art or of making artists by any intensive process. Since I once tried to teach architecture for seven years I am not wholly ignorant on this particular subject. No more do I mean an art gallery for every college and photograph collections for every secondary school. At the best an art gallery cannot avoid a certain artificiality for it cannot relate itself to life. It can only be a conspectus of what has been and was, in its day, related to life of a very different ethos and tempo. I mean rather the bringing of more beauty into the environment of the student and the making of it a more intimate and constant part of his or her educational life. Art is the expression of an inner quality but it is also a very dynamic cultural influence, the more so that it is wholly indirect. Of course it is not omnipotent; it cannot stand against a retrograde tendency once this is set up, while under these circumstances, that is, the degradation that always follows progression, it may become as great an influence for evil as otherwise it had been for good. I do mean, however, that normally it is not only expressive but creative and therefore it cannot be disregarded in educational matters of every kind.

What exactly does this mean in concrete terms? Well, it is not altogether easy to say except in a few obvious cases. Certainly there can be no question as to the primary necessity for every degree of beauty that is possible in the architecture and the landscape of the college itself. The nineteenth century type of college, particularly if it was for women, was a horror and in itself what would almost seem an irresistible influence against the achievement of any real degree of culture. I mean such abnormal structures as that at Wellesley, long since removed by beneficent conflagration; or that oldest building at Vassar; or so many of those in the South. At least these overgrown barracks have been abandoned as a model and are fast being superseded by better things. The transformation and redemption here, during

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the last thirty years, has been amazing and it may safely be said that the college architecture of today, whether it is Gothic or Colonial or "Mission" or whatnot, is very nearly all that it should be and far in advance of anything being produced anywhere else in the world. Indeed it may be growing a little excessive in its sumptuousness, for the so-called prosperity that followed the War made vast sums available for college architecture and the principle seemed to be that if, for example, Tudor Gothic was a good style you could not have too much of it, or of too sumptuous a quality, forgetting that a measure of reticence and a certain austerity are a part of cultural development.

The architectural environment then must be of the best, noble yet at the same time personal, and expressive, not of some passing fad, such as the so-called "modernism," but of the best cultural and scholastic tradition, and this must extend to more than the shell, the outer walls and entrance halls. I conceive that the classroom and the lecture room and seminar should be not merely laboratories, but rather studies, with all the aroma and the appeal of a private library. Of course this means bringing the other arts into play, painting and sculpture in some degree and the so-called minor arts. In fact there would be no loss, rather a real gain, if some of our latest college buildings were a shade less magnificent in their outward seeming, the money so saved being expended within, where the student spends so much of his cultural life.

But architecture with its environment of gardens and intimate landscape is by no means all. If student life is to be vitalized by beauty it is necessary that there should be active cooperation, not only passive acceptance. I cannot too strongly commend all forms of music and drama for in these one gets pretty close to the roots of operative beauty. It is not necessary to study with the intention of becoming a painter, a sculptor, a musician or an actor, only that to the limit of the ability of each there should be participation in some form of creative or interpretive artistry. And associated with this is another question, though here I speak with increased diffidence. The literature of the world is one of the great revelations of beauty and as such must rank as a fine art. Has not the tendency of late been to desiccate the supreme literature of Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance by a declension on analytical history and even philology? I would see the study of literature in all its forms more closely devoted

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to the revelation of its inherent beauty of thought, emotion and artistic form, for to me it is these qualities that give it value and are in themselves the creative power of high culture.

Finally, there is another factor that seems to me perhaps the most potent and evocative of all, and here that diffidence I have vainly tried to assume in what I have said about literature becomes even more real, for I know that the point I wish to make is, or was until very recently, quite completely ignored and even scorned, and yet I am deeply persuaded that it is perhaps the most important of all. What I mean is this. I cannot visualize a college that really strives towards evoking all that is best in its students and aims at developing in them that high cultural content that makes for a wholesome and vital society, that does not possess almost as its most beautiful building and dynamic influence, a chapel. Of course I do not mean that compulsory institution that had become customary in the early days of the country as a sort of devitalized tradition; the "religious exercises" —very appropriately so-called—consisting of a lecture-room environment with Bible reading, a psalm, a hymn or two, and extemporaneous prayer, the whole extended of a Sunday perhaps, to include a sermon by the worthy divines from a comprehensive list of varied isms and personalities, all being so arranged as to offend the convictions or prejudices of nobody. I mean rather such chapels as have been built of late at Williams, Chicago, Princeton, Groton, St. Paul's, Concord, Mercersburg; the best that chosen architects can produce, redolent of the age-old tradition of living Christianity, with all the embellishment of sculpture, painting, stained glass. And I mean not the inoffensive, irreducible minimum in the way of a colorless program, but the rich and solemn liturgical service as it was in the old days, up to some three centuries ago. The literature and the artistry of these liturgies is of the supremest type, and the music, from St. Ambrose and St. Gregory through Bach and his compeers down to César Franck, one of the greatest arts, and the most poignant and evocative the world has known. I suppose a great religious service in a Byzantine church in the seventh century, or in Russia before the revolution, or in a Gothic church at any time during the Middle Ages, was the greatest and most comprehensive expression of beauty the world has known, for here all the varied arts of man were gathered together in a great macrocosm, and all given the noblest content

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and the highest mission. I am sure that, if beauty such as this could be restored today, as it could be, and implanted in every college in the land, it would be the greatest agency for good that could be added to an institution of higher learning.

Is this all "the baseless fabric of a vision"? Well, it is for "the young men to dream dreams and the old men to see visions," and if we of the older generation who, with our immediate forebears, have made such a general mess of things are privileged to evoke our visions, let the younger generation that must redeem our mistakes perform their part in dreaming the dreams that may come true.

Yes, it is a vision of the future school and college and university in which I indulge myself. Not a new foundation but a going on from what in so many cases, as for example at Bryn Mawr, has been so more than well begun and indeed carried so far. It is no gratuitous, unprecedented ideal. Schools, colleges, universities that were foci of vital, communal beauty have existed in the past, and have been innumerable; doubtless in Athens and Alexandra and Byzantium, though no stone remains of them, little record of their form, only the imperishable evidence of what in culture and character they achieved; certainly in Cordoba also under the Moors, though here the desolation is complete; in Salamanca, Salerno, Heidelberg. What Oxford and Cambridge were we can guess from what they are, poignant and convincing in their new setting of rampant and tyrannical industrialism. The cathedral and the abbey, the college and the university, were the highest exemplars of creative beauty in the Middle Ages and the Early Renaissance and from them our schools descend. We are following after them now, have been most miraculously for the last thirty years, and, in architecture and landscape, at least, significant beauty has in a measure come back.

I would not have it stop where it is but go on, not in added opulence, but rather with a return to a certain sobriety and restraint. That beauty that is now of the outward shell must work inward until there is vital and stimulating beauty in classroom and seminar; yes—why not—in the physical and chemical laboratory, while the passion for this same redeeming quality must be in some way smitten into the very courses of studies themselves. It can be done. Beauty is no isolated phenomenon, the appanage of the professional artist, the palliative, in moments of relaxation, of doubtful and over-arduous lives. It is

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perhaps the one surely inalienable right of man; and of this precious heritage we have been degraded, with dubious results that are now, perforce, becoming the chief prepossession of our time.

I ask you to think of beauty, and its vehicle the many arts, after this fashion. It may be that our politicians, business men, financiers, philosophers, religious leaders, can, before it is too late, hammer out their own varied panaceas. That will be well, but to their plans, however wise, must be applied this test of beauty of which I have tried to speak. For after our long exile from the ways of beautiful life it is hard to get back to the normal state of man, and so much that seems plausible will not stand the acid and final test of rightness through vital beauty.

As you have realized I have not tried to define a program, only to indicate a principle. The desired thing must grow by degrees and in different ways, relating itself to the rapidly changing life that now marks its eras in decades where once the measure was centuries. It cannot be made subservient to the dominating factors in our time; it must redeem them but it cannot be a thing of edicts but of natural growth. All that is needed is recognition of the function and power of beauty as expression, avocation, demonstration, and as a final test of values. As such I commend it to you; it has served man well for six thousand years; it may serve more potently still for that future it is for my generation to hope for, and for the generation now in its youth to assure.

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The Measure of a Man

DAVID ALLAN ROBERTSON
President of Goucher College

ILLUSTRIOUS names are on the membership roll of Phi Beta Kappa—the names of presidents of the United States, justices of the supreme court, secretaries of state, poets, historians, scientists. How is it that a college society has been able to select members destined to such distinction?

When a group of boys—they were no more—formed a secret society of sophomores in the College of William and Mary one hundred and fifty-five years ago did they have clearly in mind the type of lad they wished for a colleague? What were they like, those boys of 1776, who chose for a secret motto Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης. Did they remember a passage in *The Republic:* "He said, 'But who are the true philosophers?' 'Those,' I said, 'who are lovers of the vision of truth?'" Or, bold secret venturers, were they mindful of a passage in Colossians: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ"?

Long before those boys entered their colleges the word "philosophy" seems to have connoted for many what it meant to Francis Bacon: "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." Some eighteenth century writers appear to have had in mind a kind of contemporary French rationalism when they used the term. Smollett in 1749 translating *Gil Blas* wrote: "Our mistress is also a little tainted with philosophy." In 1790 Hannah More said: "Philosophy, as unbelief has lately been pleased to call itself, will not do nearly so much mischief to the present age as its great apostles intended." And in 1795 Edmund Burke seemed to be suspicious of the French philosophy of his day: "He is certainly a man of parts; but one who has dealt too much in the philosophy of France." In 1801

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Thomas Jefferson wrote to Hugh Williamson: "I still dare to use the word 'philosophy' notwithstanding the war waged against it by bigotry and despotism."

Certainly in later years there were some who charged our society with ideas which in their thought seemed to represent the rationalism of Revolutionary France. In 1831 Avery Allen published in Boston his *Ritual of Freemasonry to which is added a key to the Phi Beta Kappa, the Orange and Odd Fellow Societies with Notes.* "Philosophy," he wrote, "has been the watch-word of infidels in every age, and by its learned and enchanting sound many unwary youths have been led to reject the only sure guide to heaven." In 1930 the Phi Beta Kappa Association of Japan was suspected by the metropolitan police of Tokyo to be a radical organization.[1]

Did those sophomores of 1776 choose philosophy as their guide of life because the word had some of the fascination of dangerous doctrine? Devout in the conventions of their society ritual, did they desire to toy with the idea that they were what we should now call "young liberals"? Like boys of every period, did they wish to seem worse than they were and to talk about things which were "radical"? Were they the "flaming youth" of 1776?

Certainly the minutes of Phi Beta Kappa from 1776 to 1781 disclose no radicalism such as the French and English eighteenth century usage might suggest as a connotation for "philosophy." Freedom of enquiry about French politics, New England rum, ministerial salaries, the influence of the fair sex and other subjects mentioned in the minutes was guaranteed by the secrecy of the society room. The ritual of February 27, 1779, includes these words:

> To which end they have ever kept in view the design of its worthy founders, who adopted this friendly communion as a recreation to the philosophic mind, satiate with investigating the various springs of Human nature and human actions. . . .
>
> Now then you may for a while disengage yourself from scholastic laws and communicate without reserve whatever reflections you have made upon various subjects; remembering that everything transacted within this room is transacted sub rosa and detested is he that discloses it. . . .
>
> Here you are to indulge in matters of speculation, that freedom of enquiry which forever dispels the clouds of falsehood by the radiant sunshine of

[1] See *School and Society*, February 8, 1930.

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truth. Here you are to look for a sincere Friend and here you are to become the Brother of Inalienable Brothers.

The preamble to the charter which extended Phi Beta Kappa to other Virginia towns contained the following words:

> Whereas . . . it is repugnant to the liberal principles of Societies that they should be confined to any particular place, men or description of men, and as the same should be extended to the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country . . .

A letter of William Short, the last president of Virginia Alpha before the chapter disbanded on account of the Revolution, gives a specific description of the kind of man who was a leader in Phi Beta Kappa during the early days. Of Samuel Hardy to whom the first grant of a charter was made, that of Virginia Beta, he said:

> He was a man of most comprehensive mind, but he was what was termed an irregular student, that is, not entitled to wear the cap and gown; he was not held in estimation by the pedantic and often thick-headed cap and gown students. I remember my surprise when he communicated to me his plan for extending branches of our society to the different states. It was the first symptom of anything coming from him indicative of his mind.

Our early brothers of Virginia knew what men they wanted to have in their chapter: those who enjoyed friendly communion as a "recreation to the philosophic mind satiate with investigating the various springs of Human nature and human actions"; those capable of "reflections" or "speculation" with "Inalienable Brothers"; "the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country" even if "an irregular student" "not held in estimation by the pedantic and often thick-headed cap and gown students." But they made no measuring rod of scholarship.

Today Phi Beta Kappa stands for scholarship. The great orations by Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Eliot, Lodge, Bryce, and Wilson have glorified scholarship. The official utterances of the Phi Beta Kappa Senate and the practices of chapters in the election of members have published our devotion to scholarship.

A few years ago in a publication, "Noblesse Oblige," the Phi Beta

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Kappa Foundation asked: "What is the magic touch, the hidden principle by which so infallibly Phi Beta Kappa has sifted the men of her many colleges and chosen those who were fated to distinction?" And the Foundation answered its own question thus: "This is its secret—it has chosen its members among those who in college and university gave themselves to study and won distinction in it." In the same pamphlet appears the following sentence: "Equally certain it is, though an unwelcome doctrine to many, that in general, the measure of one's attainment in school and college is the measure of one's success in life." In confirmation this document offers the record of Phi Beta Kappa men listed in *Who's Who in America.* It is asserted that of those who were graduated from Wesleyan University between 1890 and 1899 eleven per cent of the persons who received their degrees without honors were mentioned in *Who's Who*, whereas thirty per cent of those who were elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa were included in this volume. Moreover, assertion is made that in a study of the graduates of twenty-two colleges it appeared that of those who were not elected to Phi Beta Kappa only two per cent were named in *Who's Who;* of those chosen for membership in our society, five and nine-tenths per cent were listed in that book.

Shall we who wear the golden key rejoice that we are not as other men are? Not too soon.

It is gratifying that thirty per cent of the Wesleyan Phi Beta Kappa members elected between 1890 and 1899 have been recognized by the editor of *Who's Who.* But if there is "a magic touch, a hidden principle by which so infallibly Phi Beta Kappa has sifted the men of her colleges and chosen those who were fated for distinction," why did only thirty per cent of the Phi Beta Kappa members become distinguished? Why did only five and nine-tenths per cent of the Phi Beta Kappa graduates of twenty-two colleges win recognition? What has become of the seventy per cent of Wesleyan graduates and the ninety-four and one-tenth per cent of the graduates of the twenty-two colleges whom Phi Beta Kappa "infallibly" elected to become distinguished? Can it be that there has been some fallibility after all in measurement of men for Phi Beta Kappa?

Scholarship we acclaim. Yet there may be something imperfect in our measurement of scholarship. Such a suspicion must have been

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in the minds of the undergraduate members of the Harvard chapter in 1834 when they inquired "if they were obliged to nominate before others, those who according to the system of the college were the first sixteen or should themselves individually judge who were the best qualified as scholars and otherwise." Such a thought has entered the minds of other members of Phi Beta Kappa about one hundred years later. The "system of the college" means grades in courses. Have college marks—although admittedly the best available basis for judgments heretofore—been the cause of the incompleteness of our society's success in selecting the young men and women who were to be distinguished for scholarly attainment?

Since 1910 there has been a serious study of grades assigned by college teachers. Dearborn, Foster, Meyer, Elliott, and Starck and many others have demonstrated the subjective character of grades given by teachers in college classes. The general situation in measuring scholastic success, as Thorndike declared some years ago, has been "scandalous." It has been so even when teachers were conscientious, because it has not always been clear what a grade should represent. Some instructors have tried to mark absolute achievement only; others have attempted to indicate by a single grade both achievement and relative success in view of capacity and effort; still others assign grades in either or both ways irregularly. The new movement in evaluating educational progress separates achievement and personal qualities and makes it possible for an instructor to report separately on each.

Achievement tests were widely used in the Modern Foreign Language Study under the auspices of the American Council on Education. Tests developed by the Personnel Methods Committee of the Council have been successfully employed in the notable Pennsylvania study now in progress. The results already secured through the use of achievement tests induced the General Education Board in 1930 to give one half million dollars to the American Council on Education to encourage the further development of such tests. The published reports of progress of the Pennsylvania study clearly set forth the usefulness of objective tests of scholastic attainment. When they are more generally employed the "system of the college" will afford a more accurate basis for the selection of members of Phi Beta Kappa.

The measurement of moral qualities has been attempted ever since

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man began to think about his neighbor. In recent years the Army and Navy, the Civil Service Commissions, industry and education have experimented with personality-rating scales. The difficulty with a mark on a rating scale is that it is a subjective judgment by one whose standards and whose opportunities to observe significant actions of the person evaluated are unknown to the reader of the report. The Committee on Personality Measurement of the American Council on Education devised a simple rating scale, each step of which involved an answer to a specific question and a statement describing the evidence on which the answer was based. The teacher who uses this personality report is practising the same art of characterization of which Theophrastus—that great "botanist of minds" as Sainte-Beuve calls him—Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare were masters. It is a high art but not an impossible one, for in every freshman composition course it is illustrated. It is being used in colleges and schools in many states. Here is an example of a father's report on his twelve year old son. "Seeks and sets for himself additional tasks" was the rating scale item checked by the father. Naturally the high rating was suspected of "halo." The following statement gave the father's reason for his judgment:

> Finding in his English assignment, the introduction to Burns's "The Cottar's Saturday Night," a reference to Robert Fergusson's "The Farmer's Ingle" as a possible inspiration of Burns's poem, he looked up Fergusson's poem in the home library and compared it with that of Burns. At the same time desiring to read Burns in the Scottish way he mastered the phonetic system of Sir James Wilson's *The Dialect of Robert Burns as Spoken in Central Ayrshire* which he also found in the home library, and so interested the boys of his class in the pronunciation of Scottish words that even at the end of the year the lads still called each other by appropriate Scottish nicknames and used Scotticisms which they found in Burns and Wilson.

What the twelve year old boy *did* was significant of intellectual initiative. Can we not secure such statements of what a college man or woman has done to make us think his scholarship worthy of recognition by Phi Beta Kappa? The merits of an undergraduate might be set forth in a citation something like that which precedes the conferring of an honorary degree.

In emphasizing the importance of achievement tests and personality reports in measuring men for Phi Beta Kappa I am not seek-

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ing the abandonment of the present "system of the college." I am confident that the ever traditional kind of grade will be less subjective and more accurate in measuring scholarly attainment if there is recognition of the importance of separating achievement and personality and if there is continued striving for exact measurement of each.

Phi Beta Kappa stands today for scholarship. It should not be just a secret club of fourteen year old boys seeking "recreation for the philosophic mind, satiate with investigating the various springs of Human nature." It should not be an aggregation of grade-getters, rubber-stamped by a registrar. It should be a society of scholarly young men and women. "We cannot enkindle genius," says Charles Richet, the great French physiologist, "but at least we can, and we must, give to the élite among our young men the opportunity of becoming illustrious, if they possess the divine creative spark. It is in them that all my hopes rest." It is in them that our American hopes rest too. A high responsibility is on Phi Beta Kappa, because of its unique position in American life, to use every means to find our élite —all of them—and to give to them the opportunity of becoming illustrious.

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Why the College President?

KENNETH M. SILLS
President of Bowdoin College

HAROLD J. LASKI'S brilliant and stimulating essay on the American College President in the February *Harpers Magazine* offers much food for thought and ought to be read and discussed in academic circles no less than by the public in general. Since it raises so many questions that are vital to American scholarship, no more appropriate place for a consideration of its main points could be found than in this journal devoted, as it is, to the promotion of sound learning.

At the outset it should perhaps be stated that Mr. Laski seems to be concerned with the university rather than with the college president. Yet since those offices differ not so much in kind as in degree, some general reflections on the American college presidency may not be out of place. It may be well to keep in mind the distinction in English academic life between the vice-chancellorship of a university and the presidency of a college. I doubt that in some respects the most autocratic American college president has as much power as the master of an English college. The latter potentate, unless I am very badly misinformed, often has the sole decision in regard to admission of candidates to his college and very real authority in the internal administration of his institution. Furthermore he may and often does become, in Mr. Laski's phrase, "the responsible pivot" on which the whole college turns. Occasionally the whole tenor, the complete atmosphere of an English college is changed by a new administration. A social liberal appointed to the leadership of an English college may and does affect the public no less than the actual reputation of his college. It may properly be argued that since an English university is a collection of colleges this argument is not so potent, since there is virtue in individuality. But when the American college president is accused of dictatorship, it is well to keep in mind the power of his prototype across the seas.

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For some years there has been the feeling that the power of the college president has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. A few years ago Dr. J. E. Kirkpatrick published a very interesting book entitled *The American College and its Rulers*. He set forth there many of the same arguments now advanced by Mr. Laski.

Before the discussion is closed, it may be well to inquire if the power of the American college president is as great as is popularly supposed. Let us consider for the moment the question of appointments. The president is properly held responsible for the kind of teaching prevalent in his college or university. But he must very largely deal with the teaching "as is." If an incompetent professor happens to have received a permanent appointment in a previous administration, the so-called head of a college is as powerless to remove him as a governor of a state would be to get rid of a respectable but mediocre justice of the state supreme court. And it is doubtful if a conference of his colleagues would be any more effective. That is part of the price that has to be taken into account for the independence of the teaching profession. Taken all in all it is probably worth it. Nevertheless it is well to remember that for one teacher unjustly removed by a presidential autocrat, the same autocrat may have had in twenty cases to sacrifice ideals of good teaching because as a matter of fact he has not the power of removal.

Nor, so far as my rather limited knowledge of American academic custom goes, is it true that the president often overrides the department. For each case which Mr. Laski mentions of the failure by the president to appoint or promote good men, I imagine that there could be found an example of a professor whom the president is unable to appoint or promote because of the opposition of the department. The ideal is, of course, cooperation between the president and the department. In the vast majority of cases I believe that cooperation actually exists.

As a matter of fact the college president in most cases is *primus inter pares*, or in the old Elizabethan phrase, *non dominus sed dux*, not a ruler but a leader. No doubt in some ways the public exaggerates the importance and the power of the college executive. Some of his functions are rather humble and necessary. The president of a college or of a university must give his days and nights to seeing that the house is in such order that all the other members of the household

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may have the best possible conditions for work and play. The modern college is quite a complicated household; but the analogy of the household is much more apt than that of a kingdom. Literally there are daily questions of administration that must be settled by someone. I can conceive of no greater disservice to American scholarship than to turn over such administrative duties to college professors and scholars. As things are now, too much of the time of college teachers is encroached upon by committee work. Much of these burdens the college president must assume. His service to the cause of scholarship is given indirectly, perhaps negatively, often at personal sacrifice of his own scholarly desires. It is his duty to encourage scholarship in every way in his power. And often the way nearest at hand is the planning and working for better conditions for his colleagues, better salaries, more leaves of absence, more proper leisure, elimination of friction, better equipment in laboratories and libraries; and the direction and leadership in general college policies.

Nor do I agree with Mr. Laski that the cause of academic freedom in America would be furthered by the elimination of the college president, or by lessening his powers and responsibilities. As I review in my mind the names of some of the leading American college presidents, I find them as liberal, as progressive, as interested in social reform as are the majority of American professors. As a matter of fact most college presidents are still chosen from members of the academic profession, and I do not see that in most cases a majority of a professorial group would act differently on questions of academic freedom than would a sole representative. Here again, as in the case of appointments, for every academic martyr to presidential despotism there are probably many others protected by presidential influence.

Finally it should, I think, be kept in mind that the American college and the American university have evolved in their own way and that they are American institutions. They belong to no one group and should be dominated by no one group, certainly by no one man. Students, faculty, graduates, governing boards, the public, all have a share in what should be a great cooperative enterprise. The college does not exist for any one of these groups alone, not even for the faculty, nor does it exist for the students alone, certainly not for the trustees. In a properly organized university or college, educational

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policies are in the hands of the teachers; business direction is under the trustees. All these many interests intermingle. It is impossible to separate budget from educational policy; it is impossible to promote or increase the compensation of teachers without reference to financial resources. In view of all these varied problems it seems clear that there must be some coordinating agency. On the whole and by and large it would seem better for many reasons that such coordination should be the responsibility of an individual. He need not be a superman, for if gifted with common sense and a reasonable amount of ability he would naturally try to carry out the wishes of those whom he serves, and as a member of a society of scholars he would strive above everything else to work for sound scholarship. Such a conception of the presidency of a college is not entirely inconsistent with Mr. Laski's ideals. The only question is the proper road toward those ideals. Much of course depends upon the individual, as in the scheme of Mr. Laski much depends upon the group. The question as to the better way can be endlessly debated. I have only tried to show that there is another side to the shield.

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Henry Adams: The Modern American Scholar

MARIAN D. IRISH
Graduate Scholar at Bryn Mawr College

HENRY ADAMS is an extraordinary figure in American scholarship. The grandson of John Quincy Adams and the great-grandson of old John Adams had a permanent pass to the backstage of the American scene. Relative, as it were, of the stage manager, he watched the painting of the background and the setting up of the props; relative of the leading characters, he met the great American heroes before they put on their public masks; relative of the authors, he knew the sequence of plots and how to interpret the main theme. He, himself, being something of an idealist, preferred observation to participation, but as a member of the American audience he was an acute, and not always a sympathetic, critic of the scenes as they were played before him.

Adams was no "Doctor Dryasdust" but an accomplished gentleman of the world. Not at all academic, he was more at home in the drawing-rooms of London and the ball-rooms of Washington than he was in the faculty room at Harvard. His intimate friends were artists and scientists, writers and politicians, John La Farge and Clarence King, Charles Gaskell and John Hay, and he was one of them, coordinating their various points of view with his own catholic interests. He wandered far from the college study, to the South Seas with John La Farge, with Clarence King to Cuba, to Russia and Baireuth with the Lodges, with John Hay in the Yellowstone, with the Camerons in Kent, with John Hay in Egypt, with St. Gaudens at Amiens, with John La Farge at Chartres.

And yet this gentleman from the House of Adams is preeminently a modern American scholar. He had a singular capacity for original research and polished presentation. He was both a student of history and a literary artist and in all his work he combined his abilities in the one with his powers in the other. To match his breadth and depth of knowledge he had a keen critical sense and a clear judicial mind. He had creative imagination, a sensitive appreciation of significant

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form, and a remarkable skill in removing the clutter of details and depicting essentials. He was a master of facts, pursuing his ideas with minute research and solid reasoning. He was a superb maker of phrases, but he sketched with accuracy and precision, coloring his narrative with his own personality and toning his portraits with insight and understanding.

Henry Adams took his early education casually—it was the customary "eighteenth century education" of New England. "The happiest hours of the boy's education were passed in summer lying on a musty heap of Congressional documents in the old farm house at Quincy, reading *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe*, and *The Talisman*, and raiding the garden at intervals for peaches."* He spent his winters in Boston and hated it principally because it was the school-time of the year. He detested school—his definition of a schoolmaster was "a man employed to tell lies to little boys," which seems a bit hard on the good teachers of the Boys' Latin School. But young Adams had unusual extra-curricular advantages. Boston was then the self-acknowledged Hub of the Universe. The Puritan aristocracy were taking up politics and literature, and Daniel Webster and Ralph Waldo Emerson were the idols of the day. Dr. John Palfrey, Richard Dana, and Charles Sumner were frequent visitors at the home of Charles Adams.

Adams spent four years in Harvard College because for a young Bostonian it was the thing to do. He did not particularly distinguish himself; in fact, long afterwards, when he was a Professor at Harvard, he was amused to look up his record in the class lists and find himself graded precisely in the middle. He was disappointed with the four years of Harvard. He wanted to read Comte and Marx but the college offered him only social advantages of which he had already sufficient capital. He was very bitter and he writes: "Four years of Harvard College, if successful, resulted in an autobiographical blank, a mind on which only a watermark had been stamped; less hurtful, perhaps, than any other university then in existence, it taught little and that little ill, but it left the mind open, free from bias, ignorant of facts, but docile." And yet there were distinguished scholars in Harvard in the fifties. Adams, himself, admits the considerable influence of Louis Agassiz who gave him a course on the

*All quotations are from *The Education of Henry Adams*.

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Glacial Period and James Russell Lowell who was teaching literature in the German manner.

After graduation from Harvard he followed the Bostonian tradition and went abroad to finish his education. He went to Berlin to study civil law but having neglected to learn German, he decided that the German professors only mumbled useless comments and that on the whole the lecture system was Medieval. He attended one lecture at the University and then for three months studied German in a *Gymnasium*, after which he wandered rather aimlessly through France and Italy. "Italy was mostly an emotion and emotion centered naturally in Rome."

He received his practical lessons in politics and diplomacy as a private secretary to his father who was Minister to England during the difficult years of the Civil War. He became acquainted with the English social life which his friend, Lothrop Motley, pronounced "the perfection of human society." The private secretary appeared in court dress at the endless succession of official functions, dutifully escorted American ladies to the fashionable drawing-rooms, and introduced American gentlemen to the levees at St. James. He played the part of a dilettante and dabbled a bit in art. He was a born companion of Francis Palgrave, the poet; of Thomas Woolney, the sculptor; and Monkton Milnes, the critic. He met Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, and became vastly excited over the Darwinian theory of evolution. He began to think things out for himself.

In 1869 he wrote two articles, one on "Pocahontas" and one on "British Finance," both of which were accepted by the *North American Review*, the stage-coach in which literary Bostonians customarily rode to distinction. He was encouraged to become a member of the American press and sailed from England. He was disappointed to find in Washington that politics and reform were the detail and waltzing the profession. "He could have spared a world of superannuated history, science or politics to have reversed better in waltzing." He wrote another article on finance which was accepted by the *Edinburgh Review*. He thought he had arrived; the vast shadow of Macaulay still sheltered the *Review*. For two years he was a free lance in political writing at Washington. Unfortunately, however, for honest political ambition, the Grant Administration was the most scandalous and the most corrupt in American history.

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In 1871 Henry Adams became Editor of *The North American Review* and Professor of Medieval History at Harvard. This chapter of his life he entitles a "failure." His discouragement as an editor, perhaps, was justified and even admirable. "The secrets of success as an editor were easily learned; the highest was that of getting advertisements. Ten pages of advertising made an editor a success, five marked him as a failure." His dissatisfaction with his career at Harvard is less explicable.

President Eliot, representing the reform element in Harvard University, had chosen Henry Adams to fill the gaps of a thousand years between Professor Gurney's classical courses and Professor Torrey's modern ones. He considered the cultural background, esthetic sensibilities, and the casual "eighteenth century" education of an Adams invaluable for an original interpretation of Medieval civilization and he trusted that Adams would teach the boys the few elementary dates and relations which a Harvard graduate might be expected to know. Adams reluctantly accepted the position and so began his work as the modern American scholar. "For the next nine months, the assistant professor had no time to waste on comforts or amusements. He exhausted all his strength in trying to keep one day ahead of his duties. Often the stint ran on till night and sleep ran short." He dug into his German again and was forced to revalue his opinion of German scholarship. He himself learned to master the scientific method and to adopt the rigid principle of subordinating everything to perfect thoroughness of study. He "worked up no end of history" and in reading he kept his intellectual attitude of impersonal detachment.

Adams was a popular lecturer, a brilliant professor, and an unconventional teacher. He taught history in terms of social evolution and in unexpected places brought in the Pteraspis and Siluria which he had met with Sir Charles Lyell. His teaching was stimulating. He conscientiously "preached a crusade against Culture with a big C." He set out to teach men to think and to train scholars to work. He never professed to hand out precise information; he gave points of view and then demanded an intellectual response from each student. He devised schemes to find out what they were thinking about and he made them talk. He disliked the general lecture system and thought it could lead only to inertia. "His reform of the system would have begun in the lecture room at his own desk. He would have seated a

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rival assistant professor opposite him, whose business should be strictly limited to expressing opposite views. . . . His mind required competition, contradiction, even more than that of the student."

Adams introduced a seminar in legal history to the then small graduate school of Harvard University. It was the first American essay in modern historical research. The three young men who completed the course in "Origins of English Constitutional Law," Ernest Young, Laurence Laughlin, and Henry Cabot Lodge, never forgot those lessons in scholarship. The Professor of History, the Professor of Political Economy, the Senator of the United States, each did honor to Henry Adams. Adams insisted on the necessity of systematic research in primary sources. His scholars went exhaustively into the study of early German, Norman, and Anglo-Saxon institutions. They read the early codes, the writings of Weitz, von Maurer, and Sohm, the whole collection of Anglo-Saxon laws and twenty-five thousand pages of charters and capitularies; and for their reading they had to learn French, German, Anglo-Saxon, and Medieval Latin. Adams insisted on the necessity of pure judicial interpretation of the collected facts. The group assembled once a week in the library of Adams' home at 91 Marlborough Street, reported, compared, and criticized the results of their studies. The professor never pretended to the academic prerogative of forcing his students into his own channels of reasoning; he entered into and helped shape the discussion but above all he made his men learn to think for themselves and rely upon their own intellectual judgments. Adams insisted also on the necessity of polished presentation. His letters to Lodge are filled with advice on questions of style and canons of composition. Adams also thought that constructive imagination was a necessity for real scholarship but upon that he could not insist; he had to regret the lack of imagination in the American scholar.

After the *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law* had been published and his three scholars had thereupon received their degrees of Ph.D. (then a novel distinction), Henry Adams left Harvard and devoted the next twenty years of his life to productive scholarship in American history. The account of these twenty years has been omitted from *The Education* and, except from a group of historians, he has received small encomium for the tremendous amount of work which he accomplished. These were the years when he wrote *The Life and Writ-*

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ings of Albert Gallatin, *Documents Relating to New England Federalism 1800–1815*, the *Life of John Randolph*, and the *History of the United States*.

The nine volumes of the *History* are authoritative for American politics and diplomacy from 1801 to 1817. The Adams genius is manifest. Henry Adams has an understanding of political events which is above all that the training of scholarship can give. The private secretary to Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England, moreover, brought a considerable practical experience to his study. But the former professor has in no way relaxed for himself the high ideals of scholarship which he imposed on his Harvard seminar. He spent years collecting his materials in the archives of Europe and the United States and in assimilating all the letters of the period he could find. He may not have been strictly impartial or purely intellectual when he chose for judgment the administrations of the two presidents who followed his great-grandfather. He rests his case, however, on a wide documentary knowledge and seems to be always entirely fair and quite detached in his decisions. He has intentionally put his emphasis on the political history; he was writing a history of administrations; but he has also given an admirable introduction to the economic and social conditions of the country at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In presentation, the nine volumes are models of historical literature.

Twenty years after the assistant professor had left Harvard, John La Farge led Henry Adams back to the twelfth century and left him standing in adoration before the Virgin in the stained glass of Chartres. Henry Adams was an artist and his esthetic sensibilities were profoundly stirred by the great monument of the Catholic Church; but Henry Adams was also a Puritan from New England, and New England thought of the Virgin in connection with scandal and idolatry, and was essentially antagonistic to that popery which is Roman Catholicism. Yet the Cathedral was Beauty and must be Truth. Adams set himself, nevertheless, to discover the Truth outside the Roman Church and not long afterwards, when he visited the Paris Exposition, he found the meaning of the paradox in the Gallery of Machines. Thus, he arrived at that mechanistic, materialistic philosophy which so curiously synthesizes the cult of the Virgin and the worship of the Dynamo. He explains the whole history of man in

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terms of force, motion, and progressive acceleration, and he attempts to prove his thesis by means of physics and mathematics. His dynamic theory of history is a brilliant *tour de force;* preeminently the modern theory, fascinating in its paradoxes and connotations, but mystifying in its vagueness and obscurity. It gave us, however, his two great books: *Mont St. Michel and Chartres, a Study of Thirteenth Century Unity* and *The Education of Henry Adams, a Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity.*

Mont St. Michel and Chartres is the tribute of the Modern American Scholar to the Virgin of Chartres. Years of minute research had given Henry Adams an insight into Medieval civilization and now with intuitive understanding and creative imagination he drew its politics, its economics, its philosophy, and its art into the lines of Gothic architecture. It is the masterwork of the literary artist, a beautiful composition, with a style that is whimsical, gently ironical, charming, and unusual.

The Education of Henry Adams was not written for the public. It was written for the intellectual and spiritual satisfaction of the author and was his earnest attempt to express and interpret his life in its relation to his age. It is an American tragedy written with bitter humor and cynical disillusionment. Adams found his casual eighteenth century education futile preparation against the multiple forces of the world of machines, and because he was an artist and scholar in the age of industry, he thought himself a failure.

Adams's own estimate of himself, however, is not substantiated by his achievements. "Of all his many educations, he thought that of school-teacher the thinnest"—but he introduced to Harvard University the seminar method of graduate study and the modern science of scholarship in history. "As far as Adams knew, he had but three serious readers, Abram Hewitt, Wayne McVeagh, and Hay himself —but his work in American history and his study of the Middle Ages give him place among the ablest historians and most distinguished writers of America." "Grant had cut short the life which Adams had laid out for himself in the future"—but, although it was a distinct loss to American political life when the Gilded Age defeated the natural ambitions of the fourth generation of the Adams family, still it was the greater gain for American intellectual life that this scion of the royal house became preeminently the modern American scholar.

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Editorial

A Bombardment Invited—Stones and Ideas

SHORTLY after the plans had been laid for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR I met with a disappointment. I have a younger friend, a Phi Beta Kappa man of fifteen years standing, who is also a novelist of considerable distinction. In the hope of enlisting new talent I had appealed to him for a contribution. He refused curtly and emphatically. Only after I had pressed him for some time would he give me his reasons.

"You ask me," he said, "what I think of the prospects of the magazine. Not much. You will have an editorial board of four and twenty Phi Beta Kappa men baked in a pie. But when and if the pie is opened, no blackbird will begin to sing. You will only cheep to each other. The trouble is that you have turned Phi Beta Kappa into a mutual admiration society. In the academic sphere you correspond to our Daughters of the American Revolution. Your position is as paradoxical as theirs. They have everything to excess except the spirit of their founders. You too date from the Revolution, but nobody would guess it. You are supposedly our intellectual leaders but you content yourselves with being sheerly intellectual. You do not lead. You huddle together like sheep behind the scholars. Nobody even deigns to throw a stone at you. What you need is not a new magazine but a little good, healthy persecution. It would teach you that there is a suffering world around you. Your magazine will be lofty. It will be as far above the concerns of the ordinary reader as the angels are over the earth. It will be written in Grammatical English, will contain not a single split infinitive. Like Ariosto's horse, it will possess all imaginable qualities, only it will be dead.

"I can tell you even now what every number will be like. It will contain seventeen Latin quotations and the reader will have to brace himself lest some belated Greek professor startle him with *gnothi seauton* or something equally novel. There will be an article on the

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sacrifices demanded by the life of scholarship, another on the impermeability of the American undergraduate to ideas. Every second number will contain a Phi Beta Kappa oration celebrating the glories of the society, but unprintable in any unsubsidized magazine. In every fourth number some academic pundit will 'steam himself up' to deplore the rising tide of journalese." My friend insisted that this word, journalese, one of the worst hybrids in our American language, had been foisted on the public by the Phi Beta Kappa man. He had attended three dinners since his own initiation into the society. At every one of the three a condescending reference to journalese had elicited smug and universal approval. "I now realize fully what a terrible menace newspaper English is; there is only one worse, and that is professorial English. I therefore offer a suggestion. Now that for twenty-five years you have all laughed yourselves sick over the poor hack who has only a half hour in which to turn in his copy, why shouldn't you hire some renegade member, say a journalist like myself, to weep officially in your columns over the painfully elaborated, yet still unintelligible and frequently dull-as-ditch-water professorial English of Phi Beta Kappa men, which appears in the stuffy unread files of learned publications?"

The novelist waxed eloquent. There was only one way in which a Phi Beta Kappa magazine could succeed. We were over one hundred and fifty years old; there was no further need of demonstrating the obvious to the world outside or even to each other; time had proved conclusively the dullness of the average undergraduate; we could now take for granted the sacrifices we had all made and the scholarship we had all acquired. But instead of adjourning at that point, and patting ourselves and each other on the back, let us begin right there.

I submitted the novelist's objections to the editorial staff. By a rising and unanimous vote they invited my friend to cast the first stone and begin our persecution. Anyone who, like him, is nursing a grievance against Phi Beta Kappa, or who has been maturing an idea, even a disturbing idea, about the social, political, economic, or intellectual order which will interest the educated man, is hereby invited to join him in this bombardment. We shall welcome him as our returned prodigal son and kill for him the fatted editorial calf.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS, *Dean of the College, Princeton University.*

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The Scott Fund

GLENN JEPSEN
Professor of Geology, Princeton University

FIFTY-FIVE years ago three Princeton students of the Class of '77, William Berryman Scott, Henry Fairfield Osborn, and Francis Spier, accompanied by a military escort, started a collection of fossil vertebrates from the Badlands of the Western United States. Two of these men, Scott and Osborn, in addition to beginning a large collection of prehistoric animals, launched eminent careers in paleontology. Scott's ability led him to many international honors and to the Blair Professorship of Geology at Princeton. Osborn is now president of the American Museum of Natural History and holds numerous additional titles.

Other things have changed as much as the fame and fortunes of these two masters. Indian resistance to superior encroachment has long since perished. Bone hunters are no longer required to travel with an army convoy, although some of the most fertile fossil areas compose the otherwise infertile Badlands on Indian reservations.

To perpetuate the profitable work begun by Professor Scott his friends contributed to a fund, named in his honor, which supports a small field party each summer. In addition to collecting fossil mammals and thus filling blank spaces in the genealogy of our animal associates, the efforts of the men composing these parties is directed toward correlating the age of rocks from place to place. This latter endeavor finds an immediate economic use in coal and oil explorations and estimations.

For several seasons the Scott Fund has plunged into that unwritten part of American history of the time when the modern mammals were first beginning to appear. Dinosaurs were recently extinct, and the ancestors of living monkeys, cats, dogs, horses, armadillos, rhinoceroses, sheep, cattle, camels, crocodiles, and birds inhabited the rising and developing Great Plains and Rocky Mountains. The bones of these dead early Tertiary creatures make a framework upon which are projected their individual and racial lives.

Wyoming, Montana, and South Dakota are large producers of one crop not listed in statistical surveys —vertebrate fossils. Collecting parties need special physical and mental equipment to harvest this resource in the desert Badlands. Nature, by hearty eroding winds and occasional torrents, provides a continuous, though meager, supply of

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fossils. Contrary to a common idea, fossil bone prospecting entails comparatively little digging. The problem is to *find* the remains. Complete specimens from the early Tertiary (the Wasatch and Wind river "formations") are rare indeed. Less than a dozen whole skeletons have been unearthed in more than half a century.

The Scott Fund Expedition consisted last summer of Professor C. I. Alexander of Texas Christian University, William Zachary Taylor and Gordon Barbour (both Princeton '32), John Wood, Jose Taoatao of Denver, and the writer. This group, in three months of effort, coaxed about 350 identifiable specimens from the Wind River Basin of central Wyoming near Shoshoni. Not one complete skeleton graces this collection. Most of the material consists of jaws, teeth, and crushed skulls. None are as large as a man's hand.

One tiny pair of jaws refused, at first, to respond to attempts at classification. The teeth are small and cylindrical, with simple, thinly-enameled crowns, and appear single-rooted above their sockets. Armadillo and sloth teeth are like that. But the jaw shape, number of teeth, and crown design are unlike those of either living edentates or ancestors contemporary with this fossil puzzle. A hunch resulted in a delicate bit of dissection under a microscope, and the tooth-roots were discovered to divide into two branches well down within the jaw sockets. Further work with dental instruments revealed that the pulp canals are quite different from those of other teeth. The solution was now close at hand, in Africa, in the person of the Aard Vark!

This Ant Bear or African Ant Eater was observed, about seventy-five years ago, to have a unique arrangement of parallel pulp canals in its teeth. Taxonomists, in their classification table, shuffled the name, *Orycteropus*, from group to group, always admitting that it belonged in an order by itself, but hesitating to erect a whole order for a single genus because it "complicated" the table. At last scientific honesty demanded a new order, *Tubulidentata*, in reference to the pulp tubules, to receive this troublesome mammal. But the remote ancestry was still an unsolved question.

Subsequently a Swedish scientist studied embryos of the Aard Vark and postulated the appearance of an early ancestor, based upon the "law" of Haeckel that the life history of the individual recapitulates the life history of the race. His descriptions fits the Scott Fund specimen almost exactly. For this and other reasons, too detailed to list here, the little jaws appear to have belonged to an early Tertiary ant eater, contemporary with *Eohippus*.

Among other specimens that the Scott Fund party collected are many fragments of egg-shell from the dinosaur beds of southern Montana, several hundred feet below the mammal-bearing strata. No complete eggs were found but the microscopic structure of the broken bits agrees in close detail with that of the Mongolian dinosaur eggs. This locality was discovered a year ago and contains, to date, the sole known oc-

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currence of dinosaur eggs in America.

Future prospecting in the Badlands of the Western United States will doubtless reveal many more chapters in the Geological Book of the Dead, and next summer the Scott Fund will continue its researches in honor of the man for whom it was named.

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A Graduate Summer School in Lima, Peru

THE INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION has completed plans for an American summer school at the University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. Dr. Albert A. Giesecke of Cornell University and former Director General of Public Education in Peru will supervise the activities of the new school, and devote much of his efforts to establishing valuable and intelligent contacts between the students and important Peruvians. The Peruvian Government and the Pan-American Union have cooperated with the Institute in establishing the project.

The summer school at San Marcos is intended primarily for graduate students and teachers whose interest lies in South American history or culture. Especial attention will be given to the study of the numerous remains of the early Inca civilization which are centered around Lima. A special ten-day field trip to visit the ruins near Cuzco has been arranged for the students in the course on Peruvian archæology. This course will be presented by Dr. Julio Tello, the noted Peruvian archæologist, and will be given in English. There will also be courses in elementary and advanced Spanish, a course on Latin American literature given by Professor Luis Alberto Sánchez, professor of that subject at the University of San Marcos. Dr. Victor Andrés Belaúnde, former Professor of History at the University of San Marcos, and since 1926 Professor of Latin American History and Institutions at the University of Miami, Florida, will give a course on Latin American affairs.

The University of San Marcos was founded in 1551, the oldest university in the Western Hemisphere. It is situated within the city of Lima and is similar in organization to the European universities. Most of the prominent Peruvian statesmen have graduated from the University of San Marcos. A serious student attitude toward national affairs has given the University a mature scholastic tone. The University equipment consists chiefly of classrooms, libraries, and an excellent museum of Inca remains. It was selected by the Institute of International Education for its summer school because of its accessibility, its high rating among South American universities, the richness of archæological remains in the vicinity, and the excellence of the Spanish spoken in Lima.

The Institute has for its general aim the development of international understanding, good will, and education through such activities as the exchange of professors, the establishment and administration of international fellowships, the holding of conferences on problems of international education, and the pub-

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lication of books and pamphlets on the opportunities for study in the different countries.

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The American Council of Learned Societies

WALDO G. LELAND
Permanent Secretary[1]

THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES DEVOTED TO HUMANISTIC STUDIES, to use its full title, is composed of two delegates from each of the eighteen national learned societies. The Council was organized in 1919–1920, following the organization in Paris of the International Union of Academies, in which it was desirable to have American scholarship authoritatively represented.

The general purpose of the Council is the advancement of the humanities, broadly defined as philosophy, philology and linguistics, classical and oriental studies, art and literature, archæology, musicology, and certain cultural phases of history and anthropology.

The Council's activities consist of organizing and supporting projects of research and publication under its own direction, of making possible American participation in international projects, especially those of the International Union of Academies, of assisting its constituent societies, as well as institutions of learning and groups of scholars, to plan and execute projects of their own, by making modest grants in aid of research to individual scholars, and by maintaining fellowships for research in the humanities. The committees of the Council also undertake systematic planning in certain fields of the humanities, as in Chinese and Japanese studies, Indic and Iranian studies, musicology, history of law, and Mediterranean antiquities.

Although membership in the Council is limited to the representatives of the constituent societies, it calls upon American scholarship at large for committee service. The Council's effective force at the present moment numbers considerably over a hundred.

The award of fellowships and grants in the humanities, already noted, are made by a special committee, which meets once a year and considers the hundred or more applications before it. The fellowships are confined to scholars who have already received their doctor's degree but have not yet passed the age of thirty-seven, and are intended to provide further opportunity for training in humanistic research. The majority of the fellows are appointed for work which they propose to do abroad. The grants in aid of research are made to individual scholars for assistance in meeting the expenses of projects that they have under way. They range in amount from $300 or less to about $1000, but the smaller grants are the rule. In many cases they are for the purpose of enabling a scholar to visit European libraries or to secure photographic copies of material that he requires in the course of his investigation. Each year about a dozen fellows are appointed, and

[1]Executive Offices, 907 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

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grants are awarded to between twenty and thirty applicants.

Of the projects organized and carried on by the Council, two are of outstanding importance. One of these is the *Dictionary of American Biography*. This undertaking is made possible by the generosity of Mr. Adolph S. Ochs of *The New York Times*. The first eight volumes have appeared, and twelve more will be published during the course of the next four years.

Another undertaking is the Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada. Work on the New England section is now being actively carried on under the direction of Professor Hans Kurath of Ohio State University. A group of investigators especially trained in recording spoken English is engaged in sampling the various dialects of New England, with the assistance of a group of New England colleges and universities: Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Brown, the University of Vermont, and Mt. Holyoke.

Other interesting projects of the Council are the preparation and publication of a corpus of ancient vases to be found in American collections; and the collection of Philippine material relating to Indonesian customary law (a recent mission in the Philippine Islands having resulted in the copying of ten large volumes of exceedingly interesting documents).

Among the undertakings sponsored by its constituent societies and aided by the Council may be noted a dictionary of Middle English, sponsored by the Modern Language Association and executed at the University of Michigan; the completion of Joseph Sabin's monumental *Dictionary of Books Relating to America*, sponsored by the Bibliographical Society of America; the completion of Charles Evans's *American Bibliography*, sponsored by the American Antiquarian Society; an intensive study of the organization and operations of the various departments of the English Government from 1327 to 1336, organized by the Mediæval Academy of America; the preparation of a glossary of medieval terms of business, also organized by the Mediæval Academy and thus far executed in the library of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard University, which has important original medieval documents of a commercial nature; and the completion of a bibliography of American travel, sponsored by the American Historical Association.

Assistance has also been given to projects of groups of scholars, or institutions, such as the excavation of Samaria, carried on jointly by Harvard University and the Palestine Exploration Fund; the excavation of Olynthus in Macedonia, by Professor David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins University; and an exceedingly interesting study by Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy and associates of Johns Hopkins University in the history of ideas, dealing particularly with the history of primitivism and anti-primitivism.

Aided by a special grant, the Council has for five years carried on, by means of field work and publication, a systematic effort to preserve native American languages that are in danger of extinction in the

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near future. It has also a very active committee on Chinese studies, which publishes an annual bulletin on the progress of Chinese studies in the United States, edits an annual volume of articles in this field by American scholars, is conducting an extensive survey of materials and facilities for Chinese studies, and is coöperating with The Harvard-Yenching Institute in holding, as a part of the Harvard Summer School in 1932, a Seminar in Far Eastern Studies intended to give specialized instruction to professors and instructors in colleges and universities who, without being specialists, find themselves called upon to give instruction in these fields.

NOTE.—The American Council of Learned Societies is composed of the following Societies, listed in the order of their foundation: American Philosophical Society, 1727, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1780, American Antiquarian Society, 1812, American Oriental Society, 1842, American Philological Association, 1869, Archæological Institute of America, 1879, Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, 1880, Modern Language Association of America, 1883, American Historical Association, 1884, American Economic Association, 1885, American Philosophical Association, 1900, American Anthropological Association, 1902, American Political Science Association, 1904, Bibliographical Society of America, 1904, American Sociological Society, 1905, History of Science Society, 1924, Linguistic Society of America, 1924, and Mediæval Academy of America, 1925.

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The Association of American Colleges

ROBERT L. KELLY
Executive Secretary

THE Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Association of American Colleges was held at Cincinnati in conjunction with many allied agencies during the week of January 18. The Association is made up of 455 colleges of liberal arts and sciences, almost every state in the Union being represented. The purpose of the Association is the promotion of higher education within the undergraduate colleges and the prosecution of such plans as may make more efficient the institutions included in its membership.

At the annual meeting synopses of very important studies which had been conducted during the year were made by the chairmen of the standing Commissions. President James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan University spoke on behalf of the enlistment and training of college teachers. He emphasized particularly the necessity of securing college teachers who had had high ranking in scholarship during their undergraduate and graduate training. President Frank L. McVey of the University of Kentucky reported on the results and the techniques of the multitude of surveys of colleges which have been carried on during the past few years. Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore College proposed a comprehensive form of classification of institutions of higher education. President Donald J. Cowling of Carleton College reported on the work of the National Committee on Standard Reports for Institutions of Higher Learning. Dr. Alfred W. Anthony of New York gave the results of an investigation into the present financial status of the colleges. President Thomas S. Gates of the University of Pennsylvania set forth the newer ideals in the administration of intercollegiate athletics. All of these re-

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ports will be published in full in the *Bulletin* of the Association.

President Ernest H. Wilkins of Oberlin College, whose year of service as President of the Association terminated with the Cincinnati meeting, read an address in which he suggested a number of changes in the organization of the American college. Walter H. Siple, Director of the Cincinnati Art Museum, showed what an art museum can do to cooperate with the college and university. Mr. Charles P. Taft, 2nd, of Cincinnati, presented a criticism of the work of the college from the point of view of an attorney-at-law. Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia University set forth the work of the Committee on Personnel of the American Council on Education, with especial reference to the tests which are to be given during the present academic year to the sophomores of American colleges. Samuel P. Capen, Chancellor of the University of Buffalo, Chairman of the Committee of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools on the revision of that Association's standards, spoke with great clarity and effectiveness on vital educational measures applicable to colleges. Chancellor Capen held that while it is very desirable that the liberal college state definitely its objectives, and that all the officers and faculty address themselves to the realization of the objectives stated, it is also to be desired that the chief measurement applied by colleges will be to the students themselves. What really are the capacities of students, what are the colleges doing to assist them in developing those capacities, and what tests of student achievement may properly be agreed upon? He cited as the most valuable tests now being put into operation the achievement tests of various organizations and the comprehensive examinations, a thoroughgoing study of which, under the direction of Dr. Edward S. Jones, is now being made by the Association of American Colleges.

President Irving Maurer, of Beloit College, was elected President. There was no change made in the secretariat of the Association, Robert L. Kelly continuing as Executive Secretary for the sixteenth year, and Archie M. Palmer as Associate Secretary.

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Conference of Southern Authors

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

Edgar Allan Poe Professor at the University of Virginia, former Editor of "The Virginia Quarterly Review"

THE group of authors that came to the University of Virginia to spend the week-end of October 23 assembled for a most unusual conference. There was no objective in view except the meeting of writers associated with various Southern states, many of whom had not before met, and such exchange of ideas as might be the natural outcome of informal discussion. An invitation

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had first been extended by President Edwin A. Alderman, not long before his death last spring, to several authors of Southern birth to form an invitation and reception committee to some twenty-five or thirty other authors, representative of different states and phases of authorship, as guests of the University of Virginia. This committee included Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Archibald Henderson, DuBose Heyward, Paul Green, Thomas Wolfe, and Stark Young. Willa Cather, born in Winchester, Virginia, was for personal reasons unable to serve.

Since the idea of the conference arose partly from a remark of Ellen Glasgow's regretting that Southern authors lived too remotely apart to know one another, it was determined to confine in the main the invitation to authors born, or at present working, in the South but to interpret the phrase broadly. How broadly the term was stretched may be judged from the list. The thirty present, with the five of the authors' committee (Thomas Wolfe and Stark Young not being able to come), were Sherwood Anderson of Marion, Virginia; Katherine Anthony; John Peale Bishop, who cancelled his sailing for Paris to attend; James Boyd and Katherine and Struthers Burt of Southern Pines, North Carolina; Herschel Brickell; Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of Sewanee, Tennessee, who write as Maristan Chapman; Emily Clark; Donald Davidson; William E. Dodd; William Faulkner of Mississippi; Isa Glenn, who started life in Georgia; Caroline Gordon and her husband, Allen Tate; Dorothy Heyward; Mary Johnston; Ulrich B. Phillips; Josephine Pinckney of South Carolina; Alice Hegan Rice and Cale Young Rice of Kentucky; Amélie Rives Troubetzkoy; Mrs. Laurence Stallings; and Irita Van Doren. Among other writers, visiting the University at the time or on the local entertainment committee, who attended some of the informal discussions, were Andrew Nelson Lytle, Laurence Lee, Agnes Rothery, including Stringfellow Barr and Lambert Davis, members of the staff of *The Virginia Quarterly Review.* Julia Peterkin, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Herbert Ravenell Sass, and Roark Bradford had been expected but were unable to attend.

There were trips to Monticello and Castle Hill, home of the Prince and Princess (Amélie Rives) Troubetzkoy; a luncheon given by *The Virginia Quarterly* at the home of Professor and Mrs. James Southall Wilson in the room in which Poe attended Latin classes a hundred years ago; another luncheon at the home of Professor and Mrs. Garrard Glenn; a tea at the Colonnade Club; and a dinner at the Farmington Country Club, given by the University. The meetings for discussion never once stiffened into formality; only one resolution was offered and none passed except a rising vote of appreciation to the University of Virginia—and this was not reduced to parliamentary form. I think that practically all of the visitors had a good time at this meeting; there were no fights, and good manners were always in evidence—conditions that authors confess are not always true of authors' meetings.

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The New Curriculum at the University of Buffalo

DEAN JULIAN PARK

LIKE most universities the University of Buffalo has long wished to draw upon continental experience regarding the relations between secondary and higher education. It has liked to believe that while its underclass students had for various reasons, most of them unfortunate, to continue the methods of high-school work, its upperclassmen could be treated as university students. Upperclassmen, irrespective of their grades, have been left free to attend or not to attend classes. The teacher is thus compelled to give such instruction as the student cannot well afford to miss. Other devices in keeping with the increased dignity of strictly university work are in use. But devices are bits of machinery leading to one result, the attainment of a degree; and if a college is to be split into two parts, a junior and a senior division so different in method and spirit, then there result two colleges, two programs, two philosophies, perhaps two degrees.

The University of Buffalo is now attempting to raise its liberal arts college throughout *all* its four years to the university level. In 1923 the faculty, when it established so-called honors work for superior upperclassmen, voted to place as soon as possible the work of *every* upperclassman on the honors, or more properly the individual basis, and to accept as upperclassmen only those able and willing to follow such a program. The number of honors students has grown from eight per cent of the senior college to thirty-six per cent. No claim is made that the college is even now ideally equipped for this personal and expensive type of instruction, but it seemed time to take the final plunge. The name "honors" gives way to the designation "tutorial" because every student, not merely a preferred minority, deemed worthy to enter the senior college is given this individual treatment.

Each candidate for the senior college is required to choose some one department, or two allied departments, as his field of concentration. An instructor is delegated by the department in which his major work is to be done, to serve as tutor and adviser. The tutor in consultation with the student prepares an outline plan of work covering two years and leading to graduation.

The tutorial plan does not contemplate the elimination from the senior college of regular courses of the traditional kind (though a decrease in their number will probably occur) but a combination of course work and tutorial work. To prevent over-specialization juniors are required to take at least twelve semester hours of course work outside their field of concentration and seniors at least six semester hours. At the tutorial conferences the tutor is not supposed to lecture or impart information that can be acquired independently. The degree of Bachelor of Arts should be conferred only on those who have demonstrated a capacity for independent, creative work.

The faculty realized that the pro-

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grams pursued by freshmen and sophomores must be brought into line with the individualized curriculum of the two upper years; that the interest of the student must be caught and encouraged at the beginning, not halfway through his course, by an introduction to real university methods. The ultimate goal is that of the comprehensive examination for which preparation must begin in the junior college.

Those freshmen and sophomores who have no pronounced intellectual trend and who do not care to be bound by such restrictions are provided for, though recent experience both at Buffalo and at Columbia College shows that fully seventy-five per cent of the freshman class have a fairly definite idea of their future. Such freshmen elect a rather widely varying number of courses and make their first year in college an exploratory period.

All this is extraordinary devotion to the tenet that even freshmen are grown men and women and come to college in most cases knowing rather definitely what they expect to get from their college experience. They will make mistakes; even the Personnel Office and the Board of Advisers, on which falls such an obviously heavy responsibility, may give wrong advice. But such mistakes can hardly have very lamentable consequences. The loss in misdirection of a year at the age of eighteen does not bulk very large in the scheme of things, and that possibility was subordinated to the importance of abandoning the concept that a faculty was all-wise and could lay down profitably the same curriculum for hundreds of different mentalities.

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Revision at Yale

DEAN C. W. MENDELL

A NUMBER of changes in the curriculum of Yale College and in the requirements for the degrees, as well as in the methods of instruction, have been passed by the faculty and approved by the Corporation, to be put into effect next year.

The purpose of these changes is to emphasize the mastery of subject and methods as the aim of the course of study rather than the acquisition of a given number of credits. The initiative and responsibility for results is placed more squarely on the student than in the past.

A summary of the general changes follows:

All mid-year examinations and all half-year courses are to be abandoned.

There will be three reading periods during the year: a one-week period immediately preceding the examination period at the end of the year for all courses; two periods of two weeks each, coming in each course at times designated well in advance by the instructor.

The final examination in each course will be from three to four hours in length and the schedule will not allow of more than two examinations in one day. The examinations will embrace the subject matter of each course in a more comprehensive manner than at present, covering the field as outlined in advance by the instructor and not being confined to

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matter actually covered in lectures and recitations.

Individual investigation of subjects related to the field covered by the course will be required, with reports on the work done independently, both during the reading periods and throughout the rest of the year.

The work of each course will be planned to require about one-fifth of the student's working time. In at least six courses a "quality" grade must be received.

Every student must still take either an ancient language or a course in classical civilization, two science courses of which one is a laboratory course, and a modern language until he is able to read, write, and speak it with reasonable ability.

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ΦBK in Hawaii

FRANK C. EWART
Colgate University

THE Alumni Association of ΦBK in the Hawaiian Islands was organized in Honolulu last July. The occasion was a visit by Dr. John B. Anderson of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School and the writer, who arranged for the initiation of Frank E. Midkiff, President of the Kamehameha Schools, to membership in the Colgate Chapter. Representatives of twenty-three different chapters were present.

President Frank E. Midkiff was graduated by Colgate University in the class of 1912. His standing was A in all subjects but he was not elected to ΦBK because he had studied at Colgate only two years. His scholarship, however, and his striking success in a unique educational work for native Hawaiians led to his election to alumni membership.

In 1809 Kamehameha the Great, sometimes called the Napoleon of the Pacific, after conquering the other chiefs, became the first King of the Sandwich Islands. His granddaughter, Princess Bernice Pauahi, who was trained in the Royal School founded by Mr. and Mrs. Amos Cooke, mission teachers from New England, married Charles R. Bishop who later became a leading financier of Hawaii. Upon her death in 1884 she left her vast estate, which included one-eleventh of the entire area of the Islands and is now worth about $17,000,000, as a trust fund for the founding and maintenance of a school primarily for her own people. The Kamehameha Schools were founded and for forty years have contributed greatly to the elevation and education of native Hawaiians. With the transfer of the first unit of a $4,000,000 plant to a magnificent site eight hundred feet above the city of Honolulu, the Schools are now entering a new era.

The initiation of President Midkiff was followed by an address upon "Democracy and Suffrage" by Judge Walter F. Frear. He was a judge under the Kingdom of Hawaii, under the Provisional Government, and under the Republic. He drafted the present Constitution of the Territory, of which he was Chief Justice for seven years. He was appointed Governor by President Roosevelt, served a term under President Taft, and was

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Governor a third time under President Wilson.

Judge Walter F. Frear was elected Honorary President of the Alumni Association of ΦBK in the Hawaiian Islands; Dr. Leonora N. Bilger, Dean of Women of the University of Hawaii, President; Guy H. Buttolph, Vice-President; and Frank E. Midkiff, Secretary-Treasurer.

There are sixty-three members of ΦBK in the Island of Oahu, most of whom reside in Honolulu, and elsewhere in the Hawaiian Territory ten other members. Among them is another former Governor of Hawaii, Wallace R. Farrington, also well known as an editor; six who are prominent in law, medicine, and the Army; and sixteen engaged in educational work, five on the staff of the University, two in the Normal School, and nine in secondary schools.

Another distinguished member of the Association is Dr. G. A. Johnston Ross, the noted British preacher who, after prominent pastorates in London and Cambridge, came to America in 1909. He was Professor of Homiletics in Union Theological Seminary for fourteen years. Since 1926 he has been Professor Emeritus and has made Honolulu his home. He is the author of several books and is still engaged in literary activity.

The names of three other members appear in *Men of Hawaii*, a "Who's Who" of the Islands—John S. Donagho, Professor of Mathematics in the University; William Henry Smith, former editor of *The Hilo Tribune* and now an attorney, who traveled two hundred miles from his home on the Island of Hawaii in order to attend the meeting; and Robbins B. Anderson, an attorney and director of various Hawaiian corporations. Mr. Anderson is a descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony and of Francis Robbins, one of five undergraduates of Williams College who held the famous "haystack" meeting, forming the first American Foreign Missionary Society, which later sent the first missionaries to Hawaii. Mr. Anderson was one of the founders of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

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Southern Conference on Education

THE Southern Conference on Education has met annually since 1928 at the University of North Carolina. The purpose of the Conference is to focus the best educational thought of this country on the problems of education in the South with special attention to broad educational policies rather than to technical and professional questions. The Conference is developing into an agency, hitherto lacking in the southeastern states, which brings together for common counsel men and women in public life, in business, and in the professions.

In 1928 the lectures and discussions were centered on the subject, "Public School Finance"; in 1929 on "Libraries in the South"; in 1930 on "Education in a Changing Economic Order"; and in 1931 on "Education and the Economic Depression."

The Conference received financial

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support from the University of North Carolina during the first two years, and for the last two years from the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

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Japanese Culture Center

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has received from the Japanese Culture Center of America about ten thousand Japanese books, the nucleus of a collection which eventually is expected to number forty thousand volumes. It will include manuscripts, works of art, and other products of Japanese culture which will aid in the development of an Institute of Japanese Studies.

The Japanese Culture Center of America was organized in Tokyo about four years ago to create and foster an interest in Japanese culture among the American people and thereby to promote a cordial and friendly relationship, intellectual and cultural, between the United States and Japan. The American branch of the Japanese Culture Center was organized about a year later "to promote the appreciation and influence of Japanese arts and letters in the United States by the establishment of a center at which books, manuscripts, and works of art relating to Japanese and other Oriental cultures may be accumulated and made accessible to American scholars, men of letters, artists, and, so far as possible, to the general public."

One of the most important units in the Japanese library is a collection of some six hundred rare books in the Japanese language, given by the Imperial Household. These volumes include histories, early encyclopedias and anthologies, and many old books.

Other notable gifts include collections on Korean history, bibliography, and archeology from the Japanese Government in Korea; a complete set of photographic studies of the national art treasures from the Department of Education; books on Japanese and Chinese metal work in ancient times from Baron Sumitomo; other valuable works on art from Baron Kawasaki, Baron Furukawa, and Baron Okura. Ohtani University gave over two hundred volumes on Buddhism, and a complete set of the publications of the Waseda University Press was given by Dr. S. Takata.

Besides the books in the Japanese language, the collection will contain many works touching Japanese history and culture in English, French, German, and other languages. Mr. J. W. T. Mason has given his private library on Japanese life and culture.

For many years Columbia has had an excellent Chinese library and an active department of Chinese. It is now proposed to develop a department of Japanese language and literature.

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New Accessions to the Library of Congress

THE Report of the Librarian of Congress shows a total accession for 1930–1931 of 188,352 volumes. This great increase, surpassed but once in the Library's history, requires three and one half miles of steel shelving. The book collections

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now number 4,292,288 volumes, exclusive of millions of maps, manuscripts, musical compositions, and engravings. This total is surpassed, if at all, only by the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The British Museum stands third.

Four special collections of books were acquired: the Niessen collection relating to the theatre, the Cotarello collection on the fine arts, the Krebs collection on linguistics, and the 4,690 volumes, chiefly monographs, on Roman Law, assembled by Paul Krüger, a collaborator of Mommsen in editing the texts of Corpus Juris Civilis.

The most important accession of manuscripts is that of the collected papers of President Garfield, presented by his sons, James R. Garfield, of Cleveland, and Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College. Brief as was General Garfield's Presidency, his long period of public service preceding—two years in the Union Army and eighteen years of prominence in the House of Representatives—combined with his careful habits as to the keeping of papers, letters, and diaries, cause the collection to be one of immense value to the student of the whole period from 1861 to 1881. The collection of papers is carefully arranged, bound in 252 volumes, and indexed.

One of the most interesting accessions of manuscripts is a collection of about two hundred letters addressed during the Civil War to James Gordon Bennett, editor of *The New York Herald*, from his newspaper correspondents and reporters in Washington and the field. The letters abound in confidential communications of secret intelligence, political and military, showing clearly how much information was, properly or improperly, confided to the representatives of an influential paper. They show not less clearly that many politicians, and especially that the political rather than professional generals, found it profitable to cultivate the support of a powerful journal.

The operations of the historical mission, financed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at an annual cost of $100,000, have brought into the Library great masses of facsimile copies of original documents preserved in Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Switzerland, Canada, and Mexico. This fourth year of the five-year plan has added nearly 400,000 facsimiles of this sort. They are of great value to students of American history.

A very notable accession was a group of 1,733 volumes from the private library of Nicholas II, late Czar of Russia. These came from the Winter Palace library in St. Petersburg. As a whole the collection offers an exceptionally fine survey of the book arts in Russia, quite apart from the real significance of the subject matter. It includes fine examples of the work of the best bookbinders of the closing years of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth. More than a tenth of it consists of music; there are 177 volumes of law; and many absolutely confidential documents of military interest.

The Huntington fund, established by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, of New York City, provides for the

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purchase of books relating only to Spanish, Portuguese, and South American arts, crafts, literature, and history published not more than ten years previous to the date of purchase. With the income from this fund 1,483 titles, representing 1,951 volumes, were purchased. It has been especially fortunate that the scope of the fund embraces the field of history, for it has brought in practically all books written by contemporary authors on the important and in some instances deciding events which have recently taken place in Spain and in the South American Republics.

Lithographs, 2,522 of them, by Joseph Pennell, were received from Mrs. Pennell.

The Music Division rejoices in "the most signal acquisition by purchase for the year"—and, indeed, for many years—the original and complete holograph score of Johann Sebastian Bach's cantata *Es ist das Heyl uns kommen her*. It is the first Bach manuscript of any importance that has come to the Library, and there are few in America today to match it in extent and rarity.

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A Survey of Manuscripts in Virginia

HARRY CLEMONS
Librarian, University of Virginia

WITH a grant for the year 1930–31 from the Carnegie Corporation, recommended by the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council, the University of Virginia Library has begun an undertaking which is already proving useful for Virginia and may be suggestive in method for similar undertakings elsewhere. This project primarily involves a statewide survey of manuscript holdings; it also stimulates efforts to collect, preserve, and render accessible such historic materials.

The carrying out of the project has been entrusted to Dr. Lester J. Cappon, who had prepared the *Bibliography of Virginia History Since 1865* while Research Associate in the Institute for Research in the Social Sciences at the University of Virginia. The survey will cover every phase of social and economic life, at least up to 1900, thus vastly widening the field previously covered for Virginia in desultory fashion by state records and genealogical indexes. The material includes the collections in state, county, city, and town depositories; in colleges, schools, and libraries; in churches, hospitals, fraternal organizations, social clubs, banks, business houses, newspaper offices, and homes. A printed report of the first year's work was published in July, 1931, and a check list of files of old newspapers will probably be ready for publication during 1932.

There have been at least two satisfactory by-products of a year and a half of work. The first, the stimulation of efforts to make collections of Virginiana, was aided by the offer of help from the University Archivist to all agencies in Virginia interested in the collection of manuscripts. The second was the emphasis

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on safe depositories for such collections and on the technique of repairing and preserving and indexing the manuscripts. Before Dr. Cappon began his survey, the University of Virginia set aside and equipped a small building for its Virginia Collection, and appointed as Curator, Miss Frances Harshbarger, Virginia ΦBK. This modest but significant collection is now available for research purposes.

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The Oriental Institute, Realization of a Dream

ALBERT TEN EYCK OLMSTEAD
Professor of Oriental History, University of Chicago

On December 5, 1931, the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago formally opened its gates.

William Rainey Harper, first president of the University of Chicago, was a famous Orientalist. Quite naturally the new University of Chicago soon had an outstanding Department of Semitic Languages. Shortly after its opening President Harper brought to the new department a young Egyptologist, James Henry Breasted, who had just taken his degree at the University of Berlin with the great teacher of Egyptologists, Adolf Erman. In those days an Orientalist was supposed to know only Oriental languages; if he was also acquainted with a little Oriental archæology, that was as much a matter for surprise as for congratulation. The young Egyptologist realized he must first himself copy Egyptian inscriptions and new texts and new translations at new levels of philological accuracy. He published the results in the massive *Ancient Records of Egypt*, but this was only preparation for the finished product, the *History of Egypt*, which appeared in 1905. Breasted's *History of Egypt* began a new era in Oriental studies. It was necessarily based on thorough philological and archæological studies, but its point of view was purely historical. This was followed in 1916 by *Ancient Times*, and in 1926 by the *Conquest of Civilization*.

Meanwhile the Department of Semitic Languages had broadened to the Department of Oriental Languages. James Henry Breasted had become its chairman and its point of view had become historical in the broadest sense. Popular interest in the ancient Near East was growing, thanks especially to the eastern operations during the Great War and to the discovery of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, but this growing interest was not reflected in the universities. A small grant from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., permitted the organization of the Oriental Institute in 1919. Field work was at once begun in the Near East and so important were the first results that the funds of the Institute were gradually increased and a scientific staff was built up. Finally, in 1928 and later, the Rockefeller Boards in New York granted sufficient funds to construct a new building for the home staffs and to place the work on a permanent basis.

In the field, the Oriental Institute operates on a front of about thirty-five hundred miles with twelve sep-

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arate projects or excavations. Its Prehistoric Survey in Egypt has doubled the estimate of the time man has been on the earth and has fixed this time by geology. An Epigraphic Survey is publishing the inscriptions and reliefs on the walls of the Medinet Habu temple. Three other projects publish tomb paintings and reliefs, reproducing all their original wealth of color. Megiddo's mound of thirteen acres is being cleared level by level. Already the complete ground plan of the city of Solomon with the palace of Solomon's governor and the stables of Solomon has been uncovered. By the excavation of Alishar the foundations of Anatolian archæology are being laid. The great palace of the Assyrian monarch, Sargon, at Khorsabad is being cleared, and a forty-ton Assyrian, winged bull and notable sculptures have been brought to Chicago. Sites in northeast Babylonia are revealing new cultures of the third millennium before our era. The latest work has just begun at Persepolis.

Popular interest is naturally directed to the field expeditions, but the new building at Chicago is the true center of the Oriental Institute, for there is located the general administration needed for the supervision of over a hundred Americans and Europeans on the scientific staffs. Material objects brought back from the excavations are shown to the public in five museum galleries. Research at home is carried on by a group of mature scholars, full members of the university's teaching staff, whose advanced classes train young scholars for the field or prepare for various research projects. These research projects are not as spectacular as those carried out in the field but they are equally fundamental. An Assyrian dictionary, for example, is being compiled in collaboration with some thirty American and European scholars whose prepared manuscripts are then checked by the home staff. The results are so prepared and filed that the cases contain a separate card for every occurrence of every word in the Assyrian language. With this enormous amount of material collected, various historical studies are under way. Finally, the results of this research, from the raw material discovered in the field, through the finished technical study, to the completed historical picture, are published by the editorial staff.

In the words of its director, James Henry Breasted, the Oriental Institute is a historical laboratory, concentrating all its resources to win a unified picture of one portion of the human past.

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Alumni Reading Service

HENRY W. WRISTON
President of Lawrence College

LAWRENCE COLLEGE has altered the traditional college approach to alumni interest. The College realized that the usual contacts with alumni covered an inadequate field of interests—class-notes magazines, parades in ridiculous costumes, and rights to tickets for athletic meets,

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with appeals for money underlying all other concerns. In an effort to secure from alumni an intellectual interest in the College as a growing organization which must change to meet modern situations and needs, Lawrence College established an alumni reading service which consists in the circulation of a selected group of books sent without charge to alumni upon request.

The welcome given the alumni reading service belies the widespread belief that colleges fail to foster a love of reading and that upon graduation college students, of recent years especially, lay books forever on the shelf. Of all the students graduated from Lawrence College within the last ten years practically half of them (49.4%) have used the reading service, and in terms of percentages the next highest group comprises the graduates from 1911 to 1921; or, interpreted, alumni of the last twenty years have used the reading list relatively more than any other group. The most recent list of five books brought calls within two weeks from approximately twenty per cent of all alumni of the college.

The lists are also widely used by alumni in procuring books from local libraries or in buying books; and in Wisconsin many libraries and public schools post the lists as compiled by Lawrence College. The reading service is especially welcomed by alumni in towns where there is either no library or a very poor one. Probably it does its most effective work in salvaging the "marginal reader" who with the impetus of such a labor-saving service is converted gradually into the habitual reader.

One great cause for satisfaction is that books of the greatest worth have the greatest circulation—in fiction Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter;* in biography Faÿ's *Franklin;* in history Bowers's *Tragic Era* and Adams's *Epic of America;* in drama Connelly's *Green Pastures;* in philosophy Streeter's *Reality;* in education Martin's *Meaning of a Liberal Education;* and in science Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World.*

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Emerson's Letters

PROFESSOR R. L. RUSK, of the Department of English, Columbia University, is preparing an authorized edition of the letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hitherto unpublished letters are to be given in full, together with a calendar of letters already in print, so that the whole, arranged in one chronological sequence, will form a kind of epistolary diary of Emerson. There will also be an introductory study, such notes as are necessary to explain obscure passages and to indicate the ownership of the originals, and a complete index of names.

Some fifteen hundred new letters are already available; but many not yet located are undoubtedly extant, and any information about them would be welcome. In order to make possible a uniformly accurate text, Professor Rusk wishes to obtain from the owners of such letters photostatic copies, made at his expense; or, if the original letters can be lent him, he will gladly attend to the making of the photostats and return the originals promptly.

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Discussion

From the Dissatisfied and the Satisfied

I have enjoyed one or two of the "solid" articles in the first number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, but I have looked in vain from cover to cover for one spark of genuine lively wit. Let Phi Beta Kappa deliver another declaration of intellectual independence this time, and for all time, from the mustiness and murkiness of a much over-rated "classic" past. In short, let us celebrate a wedding of scholarship and wit grounded in science.

Roland W. Brown, United States Department of the Interior, Geological Survey.

Do try with your AMERICAN SCHOLAR to put to shame the unscholarliness of most of our current writers. Plead for the reinstatement of the classics which do at least impart a sense of word-values and logical sentence-construction. Is there more than one writer or speaker in a million now who retains any concern for the careful discrimination between "constant" and "consistent," "angle" and "viewpoint (or standpoint)," "will" and "shall," "would" and "should," "situation" and "picture," and so on? And laxity of language is matched by laxity of morals. Dignity, restraint, devotion to the things of the spirit—where are they?

Percy F. Bicknell, Journalist.

I value greatly THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR as a medium for the publication and preservation of Phi Beta Kappa addresses of permanent value, and as a contribution to the humanization of American scholarship.

James Thayer Gerould, Librarian, Princeton University.

There should be a field for such a magazine. This number appears to be made up chiefly of commencement addresses and similar papers, all of them interesting, and two or three of them notably so. I take it, however, that future numbers will not be limited to material of this sort. It would seem that one should look to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR for articles a little too "academic" for *Harpers* or the *Atlantic*, and a little too "popular" for the *American Historical Review* or the *Political Science Quarterly*. The columns headed "In the Realm of Scholarship" may be among the most useful of all, if they continue to be used for notes of the sort published in January. I should like to see this department expanded. The paper, type, and general make-up of this number are what they should be in a periodical of this character.

Thomas M. Spaulding, Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army.

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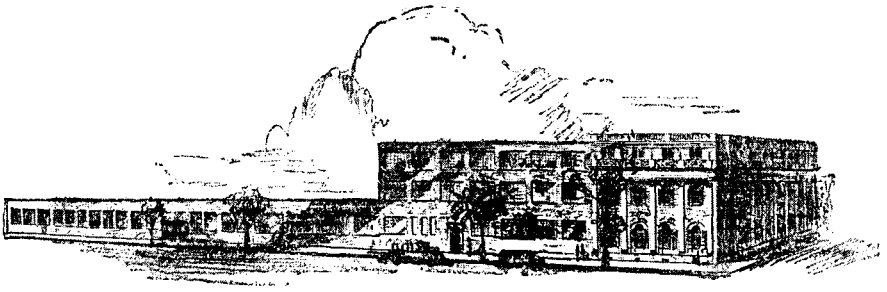

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